

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

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VOL. XIII, NO. 26

"Build the City—Trade Here"



Its a Pleasure

To make garden
when you have
the right tools.

CULTIVATORS save at least seventy-five per cent of your time and labor.

Prices \$5.50 to \$8.25

We also have all kinds of

HOES
SHOVELS
TROWELS
WEEDERS
HOSE

RADIANTFIRE HEATERS

ACORN GAS RANGES

GAS WATER HEATERS

CITY PRICES
OR LOWER

**Sierra Madre
Hardware Co.**
31-35 West Central

Victor Records



for
April

Woodson F. Jones

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

Ja-Da; Alcoholic Blues;
That Wonderful Mother of Mine;
Salvation Lassie of Mine;
Some Day I'll Make You Glad;
Singapore; Johnny's in Town;
My Barney Lies Over the Ocean;
Mickey; Kisses (Fox trot);
I'll Say She Does (Fox trot);
You're Some Pretty Doll (Fox trot);
Mammy's Lullaby (Waltz);
Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight (Waltz);
Come on Papa (Medley one-step);
Dry Your Tears (Medley Fox trot);
(1) She Never Told Her Love,
(2) Orpheus With His Lute;
Festival Te Deum- Part One,
Festival Te Deum- Part two.
Red Seal Records
Croon, Croon Underneath de Moon;
Le Regiment de Sambre et Meuse;
Quartet in D Major—Andante;
In the Hour of Trial;
On Wings of Song;
Taps.

Come in and listen to them, any day
after April 1st.

"Build the City—Trade Here"



RED CROSS
CLOTHING
DRIVE

Now let us all give a long pull,
a strong pull and a pull all together
and pull our one ton quota of cloth-
ing over the top. Take your clothes,
blankets, shoes, etc.—or money—to
the Red Cross Rooms or phone Blue
No. 2.

**First
National Bank**

A SIERRA MADRE SCANDAL

Ladies of This City Are Up In
Arms

Full Details and Names Are Given
Below

Would you have Sierra Madre
scandalized by not going over the top
in the Red Cross old clothes drive?

The ladies and some of the men
have been working hard this week
trying to collect our quota of one ton,
but so far with very unsatisfactory re-
sults.

The call is urgent, humanity is suf-
fering, will you respond and help sup-
ply the needs of these stricken peo-
ple? Or will you selfishly decide (as
one man told Mr. Sokol) that you
may need the old suit for garden
work, or like the lady who told Mr.
Whiting that she wouldn't give 'em
anyway.

We think these two are the only
exceptions in Sierra Madre. We think
the hearts of the balance of the town
are throbbing with sympathy for our
less fortunate neighbors, overseas.
Suppose the case was reversed and
we had been robbed, dispoiled, devast-
ed, ruined and left naked to die,
would an old garment be acceptable?

Look over the house again and you
will find something you can spare, if
you don't, why just spare something
anyway.

The Red Cross rooms will be open
till Monday night. We'll give an-
other pair of frouseurs—what'll you
give?

CELEBRATED MUSICIAN CHOOSE SIERRA MADRE FOR HOME

Prof. John Marquardt, violinist, and
his wife, the harpist, will reside in
Sierra Madre. They have bought the
beautiful home of Rol King, 354 Sy-
camore Place.

The Marquardt's have during their
many years of musical activity, tour-
ed all over the world three times and
they are as well known in Europe as
they are in the States, Australia, In-
dia and the oriental countries. Dur-
ing the last four years they have
tried as a home, Santa Barbara, Long
Beach, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Car-
ter's Camp, and now come from Glen-
dale. They are enthusiastic about
Sierra Madre's scenic beauties and
climate and are very fond of hiking.
The Marquardt's will be a valuable
acquisition to our musical circles.

F. C. GILBERT PASSES

F. C. Gilbert, died last Thursday
morning, March 20, at the family re-
sidence, 241 Ramona avenue. Funeral
from the undertaking parlors of Allen
T. Gay, Saturday. Remains interred in
the Sierra Madre cemetery. Mrs.
Gilbert will remain a resident of
Sierra Madre.

THE AUTOMOBILE SHOW

The Sierra Madre automobile show
is now being held at the Sierra Madre
garage and those who have attended
express surprise and astonishment at
the display and floral decorations.

The large storage and sales room
the west half of the building, 120x40
feet, is entirely given to the show and
is artistically decorated with palms
and flowers.

More than a dozen cars of various
makes are on display, but the largest
crowd is continually gathered around
the first latest model Ford shown here
with self-starter, factory equipped.

Mrs. Steinberger, wife of the pro-
prietor, deserves great credit for the
success of this pretentious event as it
was she who conceived the idea, for-
mulated the plans and superintended
the decorations.

The show closes tonight, its free,
and the public cordially invited.

VERY EXCITING BALL GAME

Merchants Team Half Beat the High
School Team—Almost

If you did not see the ball game be-
tween the merchants and the High
school boys Sunday, you missed some-
thing.

Saturday morning it was decided to
pull off a game in order to work up
enthusiasm for the local club to be
organized the following Sunday night
so G. L. Kelley acting as master of
ceremonies, drafted a few of our most
prominent business men and issued a
challenge to the High school team,
which was also organized on the spur
of the moment.

A sandwich banner was painted and
hung on an automobile which traversed
the streets and informed the pub-
lic of the coming event and as a re-
sult something less than 762 fans
were on hand when the umpire said,
"Play ball" on the school ground dia-
mond at 2:30 p. m.

The first, second and third innings
were evenly played, the "merchants"
starting out to show the boys how it
used to be done and by strenuous ef-
forts on the part of the whole team
only allowed the High school to score
twice while they were successful in
bringing in one.

But in the fourth the steam of
each merchants registered minus and
the High school didn't do a thing to
them—but romp in with eight runs.

Well, anyway, the final score stood
18 to 10 in favor of the High school
and the merchants deserve great cred-
it for getting those ten.

We refrain from an enumeration of
brilliant plays, because we don't want
to make anybody jealous and have
turned the technical description over
to Boss Kelley, whose notes are be-
low:

Notes of the Game

By G. L. Kelley

McMillen and Baber came together
chasing a foul—not chicken.

Peglers strong suit was sneaking
up on the ball after it had passed—
just like hunting wildcats.

Game called for three minutes ac-
count darkness when Sander lost his
glasses.

Hale and McMillen were the official
goat getters—sometimes.

J. F. Sadler secured an official
wound stripe—on his little finger.
First aid was rendered and Joe came
up smiling.

Third baseman Roy Edwards who
played with the White Sox is 1879, re-

EFFECTIVE VACCINATION



fused to be tagged out at first be-
cause he had his fingers crossed.

Pete Tucker, official umpire, was
looking for hush money from both
sides—and the H. S. won—Nuf sed,
Woodson Jones was official record-
er. No wonder the merchants lost.

Master Henry Neutzel was the of-
ficial mascot for both teams, in full
uniform.

Pettit's cigar store gave a box of
candy to the winners—the candy kids.
Jim Hawks said "king's excuse"
every time they put him out.

Merchants —	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
McMillen (c)	0	0	0	0	1	0			
Hale and									
Jefferies (p)	0	0	1	0	0				
Hawks and									
Tucker (1b)	0		0	0	0				
Sadler and									
Millard (2b)	0	0			0				
Farmer and									
Edwards (3b)	0	0		1	0				
Sander (ss)	1		0	0	0				
Pegler and									
Millard (lf)	0			0	1				
Olsen and									
Kelley (cf)		0	1	1	1	0			
Lynch (rf)		0	0	1	1				
—Total	0	1	0	1	2	0	4	2	10

High School—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
McMillen (c)	0	0	0	0	1	0	0		
Sadler (p)	0	0	1	1	0				
Ray and									
Baber (1b)	0		1	1	1				
H. Rhodes (2b)	1	2	0	1					
Miller (3b)	0	1		1					
Langley (ss)	1	1		0					
Olsen (lf)	0	1	0	0					
E. Rhodes (cf)	0	1	1	0	1				
Foster (rf)		0	0	0	0				
—Total	0	2	0	8	1	3	1	3	18

RAINFALL

(Data furnished by Edith Blumer)	
November, 1918	2.73 inch
December, 1918	1.57 inch
January, 1919	.99 inch
February, 1919	2.52 inch
March, 1919 to date	2.98 inch
Total for season	10.79 inch
Total last year to date	21.13 inch

AUTOMOBILES WANTED

During the Wistaria fete, begin-
ning next week, automobiles will be
required to haul the ladies, who will
be on duty to and from their homes
to Scenic Point, morning and evening.

The members of the Woman's club
will give their time and hard work
cheerfully, but it is asking too much
to require them to climb the hill and
in most cases walk a long distance,
especially after they have worked all
day until they are ready to drop with
fatigue.

Frank Spencer, 139 West Live Oak,
phone Red 132, will have charge of
this transportation and it is up to
him to see that every lady is carried
to her work in the morning and re-
turned to her home in the evening,
and volunteer machines are asked for
this purpose.

Parties having machines who can
assist in this work will see or phone
Mr. Spencer and arrange for certain
days and receive their pick-up in-
structions from him.

HOLD SIERRA MADRE DAY

Special Train To Carry Crowd Direct
to San Gabriel

Sierra Madre day at the San Gab-
riel Mission Play is Friday, April
25. Arrangements have been made for
a special train to carry our crowd di-
rect to San Gabriel without transfer,
returning the same way after the show
with special reduced rates offered for
the trip.

The Boy Scouts will have charge of
the admission ticket sale, for which
they will receive ten per cent commis-
sion and we hope that parties intend-
ing to visit this wonderful play will
arrange to attend on Sierra Madre
day so the Scouts will get this commis-
sion.

RED CROSS NOTES

The committee is doing wonderful
work in getting together a ton of
clothing for suffering humanity. Have
you done anything or your utmost
along this line?

Remember this will probably be the
last call for such help, so dig up those
"laid away" suits, dresses and partly
worn sheets and blankets.

Monday night, March 31 is the limit
—don't delay too long. If you have no
worn clothing and want to help buy
something to keep a poor child warm
and send it in. It will do you almost
as much good as the little chap re-
ceiving it.

Several people who had no "used
clothing" for the great drive handed
us a dollar each. The money bought
new material which was made into
warm garments. We heartily thank
these Good Samaritans.

We know that Sierra Madre has
love enough for our war worn allies
to do her share in clothing them. It
may cost some self-denial, but we are
determined to give our ton. Do not
wait, the great drive ends Monday
night, March 31st.

The acre of ground, more or less,
at the southwest corner of Central
and Baldwin will be planted with
flowers for decorating floats in the
Tournament of Roses, permission hav-
ing been given by the owner, Mr.
Kersting.

THE WISTARIA FESTIVITIES

Opening Date Set Ahead on Account
of Rainy Weather

Arrangements Have Been Made To
Care for Large Crowds

The Woman's Club and the Board
of Trade cooperate this year, in the
management of the Annual Wistaria
vine fete which will occur at the home
of the vine on Scenic Point, from
April 2 to 14. The printed literature
dates the opening day as March 29
but, because of the cold and rain, the
vine is not yet fully in bloom and the
advertising matter was withheld from
circulation and the opening day moved
ahead a few days.

This wonderful vine, which is 297
feet long and more or less covers two
houses, a barn and a large tree, all
branches from a single stalk, is the
property of Mr. H. T. Fennel, who not
only has donated its use for raising
money for patriotic and civic purposes
but has, each year, taken a vacation
from business, so that he could de-
vote all of his time in assisting at the
various annual fetes.

This wistaria vine is said to be the
longest and most wonderful vine in
the world, and it now has a reputa-
tion that is international. The atten-
dance has increased each year from
1914, when a hundred local visitors
called to see it one Sunday afternoon,
to more than 10,000 who viewed it
last year under the auspices of the
Red Cross society.

This year it is expected and hoped
to have a larger attendance than ever
and arrangements are being made to
handle 20,000 people.

Refreshments will be served and a
small magazine "The Wistaria" will
be sold, the proceeds going to swell
the fund for a Memorial building to
be dedicated to our soldiers and sail-
ors.

The price of "The Wistaria" will be
ten cents to those who may wish to
keep it as a souvenir of the occasion
or send copies to friends or relatives
at a distance. Copies may be pur-
chased at any store in Sierra Madre.

EASTER STAR MEETING

A special meeting of the O. E. S.
was held last Thursday night, March
20th, for the purpose of performing
the initiatory work upon four new
candidates. Those receiving the de-
gree were Mrs. Effie Wagoner, Mrs.
Cora B. Tilton, Mrs. J. A. Saenger,
and Mrs. Eva Crookson. All officers
and members were present regardless
of the rain which fell all day and late
into the evening. Dainty refreshments
were served at the close of the chap-
ter and a most pleasant evening was
enjoyed by all.

The River

When the Colorado Burst Its Banks and
Flooded the Imperial Valley of California

By EDNAH AIKEN

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RICKARD "GOES IN," AND AS HE GOES HE BEGINS TO APPRECIATE THE DIFFICULTIES OF HIS POSITION.

Synopsis.—K. C. Rickard, an engineer of the Overland Pacific railroad, is called to the office of President Marshall in Tucson, Ariz. While waiting Rickard reads a report on the ravages of the Colorado river, despite the efforts of Thomas Hardin, head of the Desert Reclamation company. Hardin had been a student under Rickard in an eastern college and had married Gerty Holmes, with whom Rickard had fancied he was in love. Marshall tells Rickard the Overland Pacific must step in to save the Imperial valley and wishes to send Rickard to take charge. Rickard declines because he foresees embarrassment in supplanting Hardin, but is won over.

CHAPTER III.

The Blessing of Aridity.

When Rickard left the main line at Imperial Junction the next afternoon his eyes followed the train he was deserting rather than the one that was to carry him to his new labors. He felt again the thrill of detachment that invariably preceded his entrance into a new country. With the pulling up of the porter's green-carpeted stool, the slamming of the train gates, the curtain fell on the Tucson set scene. The long line of cars was pushing off with its linen-covered Pullmans and diners, steaming down grade toward the Sink, the depression which had been primeval sea, and then desert, and was now sea again. Old Beach, rechristened Imperial Junction for railroad convenience, was itself lower than the ancient sea line where once the gulf had reached. Rickard knew he could find shells at that desert station should he look for them. He picked up his bag that the porter had thrown on the ground and faced the hung-down curtain.

Its painted scene was a yellow station house brooding under a desert sun; a large water tank beyond, and in the distance the inevitable cardboard mountains, like property scene shifts, flat and thin in their unreal hues of burnished pink and purple. A dusty accommodation train was backing and switching, picking up the empty refrigerator cars to carry into the valley for the early melon growers.

Already the valley had asserted its industrial importance; the late rampage of the Colorado had made it spectacular. Those who would pay little attention to the opening of a new agricultural district in the heart of a dreaded desert opened their ears to the vagary of the river which had sportively made of a part of that desert an inland sea. Scientists were rushing their speculations into print; would the sea dwindle by evaporation, as it had done before? Or would the overflow maintain the paradoxical sea?

The flood signs were apparent. There cracks had split the desert sand; here water fissures had menaced the track; and to the south a fringe of young willows hid the path of the Colorado's debauch.

The men crowding the platform wore the motley of the new country. In Tucson the uniform of the male citizens, with the exception of those reckless ones who found inevitably that lotus is a liquid, was the wilted pretense of a gentle civilization; dependent ducks and khakis and limp collars. Imperial Junction marked the downfall of the collar. The rest of the composite costume was irregular, badly laundered and torn, faded and sunburned; the clothes of the desert soldier. Rickard saw buttonless shirts, faded overalls, shabby hats—the sombrero of Mexico. The faces under the broad-brimmed hats made a leaping impression upon him of youth and eagerness. He noted a significant average of intelligence and alertness. This was not the indolent group of men which makes a pretense of occupation whenever a train comes in.

"Going in?" asked a voice at his ear. A pair of faded eyes set in a young-old face, whether early withered or well preserved he had not time to determine, was staring at him.

He assured his interlocutor that he was going in. His mood isolated the phrase; its significance vastly different from "going on."

"Buying?"

"I think not."

"It is a good time to buy," Rickard suspected a real estate agent. "For land is low—rock bottom prices on account of the uneasiness about the river. People are afraid. They want to see the company redeem some of its promises before they come in; and the company isn't in much of a hurry."

Rickard asked what company he referred to.

The young-old face with the faded eyes looked at him in surprise. "The D. R. company, Desert Reclamation, which brought us all here."

"Scamps?" The newcomer's survey of the long line of naked mountains and lean lands that formed the neck of the valley gave a snub of casualness to the question.

"No, fools!" The answer was as swift as a bullet. "Though some people think them worse than that. I don't go so far; I'm willing to say

they've tried, I'll say that much. But they haven't the know-how."

The window seats, Rickard could see, were filled before the cars halted, by the experienced ones who had not waited for the train to be made up. In the scramble he spied a vacant window on the sunny side and made for it. A stranger dropped into the seat beside him.

Every window in the car was open. Each red velvet, dusty seat was filled. A strong desert wind was blowing sand into their faces, discoloring the seats and covering the floor.

The engineer turned to his companion, who was coughing.

"Do you mind this window being open?"

"I'd mind if it were not. It's always bad at the Junction. When we get into the cultivated country you will see what the valley will be like when it is all planted. The wind is not bad when it blows over grain or alfalfa. It is the desert dust that nags one." He coughed again. "Going in?" Rickard said he was going in.

"Are you going to settle in the valley?" The inquisitor was a man of about fifty, Rickard decided, with a desert tan of apparent health. His face was clear cut and intelligent.

"I don't know."

"Just looking the country over?"

"You might call it that."

"Go slow," admonished his companion. "Don't let yourself be carried away. It is a wonderful country. But go slow. It's the ones who expect to make millions the first year that become the worst knockers. Go slow, I always tell them. Go slow."

"It's not a good time to buy, then?"

"Not so good as it was ten years ago! But land is cheaper than it was a year back. In some districts you can buy a good farm for a ticket back home, the farmers are so discouraged. Cold feet." The slang sounded oddly somehow. The man's voice had the cultivated precision of the purist. "Cold feet. The river's chilled them. The valley's losing faith in the company."

"What company?" inquired Rickard again.

"There's but one company to the valley, the one that brought them here, the D. R. They don't call the railroad the company. They won't recognize that problem! It's had hard luck from the first, the D. R. At the very start the wrong man got hold of



He Was "Going In."

it. Sather, the first promoter, was a faker—a pretty thorough faker. The company reorganized, but it's been in bad odor with the public ever since."

Rickard's eyes left the deep cuts in the land made by the ravaging waters and looked at his companion.

"I thought Estrada was the original promoter?" he inquired.

"Estrada's a recent comer—oh, you mean the general. He started the ball rolling; that was all. Bad health, following the Bliss complication, tied his hands."

The man in the seat ahead was listening. His head was leonine, his body shriveled. Rickard could see on the neck the ancient burns that had spared the magnificent head. The rest of the man had been shriveled and twisted into terrible deformity. Rickard found himself puzzling over the incident with its accompanying mir-

acle. There was not a scar on the powerful face.

"Estrada's business methods were then not different from Sather's and Hardin's?" It was a deep, rich organ.

"Oh, you can't class Hardin with Sather," protested Rickard's companion. "Sather used Hardin. Hardin's honesty cannot be questioned. It's not money's he's after. His whole heart is in this reclamation scheme."

"Hardin's a false alarm," growled the owner of the massive head. "He makes promises. He never keeps them."

The older man's smile was tolerant. "Barton," he indicated, "is the president of the water companies. And if you want to hear about a rogue and a scoundrel ask the water companies their opinion of Hardin."

"Well, what sort of a hole has he got us into?" demanded the other with heat.

"Hardin's in a hole himself."

"No one seems to remember that he crucified himself to save the valley. I've a great respect for Thomas Hardin."

"Yes?" returned Rickard, whose liking had been captured by the speaker.

The impression of distinction sharpened. The stranger wore a laundered pongee silk shirt, open at the neck but restricted by a brown silk tie; and it was trimly belted. There were but two neckties in the entire car, and they occupied, Rickard observed, the same seat.

"The beginning of the canal system."

Rickard looked out upon a flat, one-toned country, marked off in rectangles by plows and scrapers. Farther south these rectangles were edged by young willows. He fancied he could see, even at that distance, the gleam of water.

It was the passing of the desert. A few miles back he had seen the desert in its primitive nakedness, which not even cactus relieved. He was passing over the land which man and horses were preparing for water. And he could see the land where water was.

"That was the way Riverside looked when I first saw it," commented the other man who wore a tie. "Come out on the rear platform. We can see better."

Rickard followed to the back of the dust-swept, stifling car. The glare on the platform was intense. He stood watching the newly made checkerboard of a country slip past him. Receding were the two lines of gleaming steel rails which connected and separated him from the world outside. He was "going in." Not in Mexico even had he such a feeling of ultimate remoteness. The mountains, converging respectively toward the throat of the valley, looked elusive and unreal in their gauze draperies of rose and violet. The tender hour of day was clothing them with mystery, softening their sharp outlines. They curtailed the world beyond. Rickard felt the suspense of the next act.

It was a torpid imagination, he thought, which would not quicken over this conquest of the desert. East of the tract men and teams were preparing the newly furrowed ground for the seed. The curved land knives were breaking up the rich mold into ridges of soft soil as unobscure and feathery as pulverized chocolate. It was the dark color of the chocolate of commerce, this silt which had been pilfered from the states through which the vagrant river wandered. The smell of the upturned earth, sweetly damp, struck against his nostrils. Rickard indulged a minute of whimsical fancy; this was California territory over which his train was passing; but the soil, that dark earth those blades were crumbling, was it not the tribute of the upturned earth, sweetly damp, struck against his nostrils. Rickard indulged a minute of whimsical fancy; this was California territory over which his train was passing; but the soil, that dark earth those blades were crumbling, was it not the tribute of the upturned earth, sweetly damp, struck against his nostrils. Rickard indulged a minute of whimsical fancy; this was California territory over which his train was passing; but the soil, that dark earth those blades were crumbling, was it not the tribute of the upturned earth, sweetly damp, struck against his nostrils.

To the west new squares were being leveled and outlined. Shrubby rectangles were being cleared of their creosote bush and tough mesquite. Compared with other countries, the preparation for planting was the simplest. Horses were dragging over the ground a railroad rail bent into a V angle, which pulled the bushes by the roots and dragged them out of the way. Beyond, farther west, could be seen the untouched desert. The surface for many miles was cracked by water lines, broken and baked into irregular sand cakes; the mark of sand which has been imprisoned by water and branded by swift heat.

Close by men were putting in with care the seed that was to quicken the river silt. They were passing a square where the green tips of the grain were piercing the ground. Now they were abreast of a field of matured alfalfa over which the wind raced gratefully. Desert and grain field; death and life! The panorama embraced the whole cycle.

They went back to their seats. After a few minutes the other leaned over his shoulder, his hand waving toward the passing mountains. "Those are the Superstition mountains you can see over yonder. An unusually apt name."

"Yes?"

"Why is it good, you mean? That pile of dark rock stands as a monument to an effete superstition. It is

the gravestone for a gigantic mistake. Why, it was only the grossest ignorance that gave to the desert the label of 'bad lands.' The desert is a condition, not a fact. Here you see the passing of the condition, the burial of the superstition. Are you interested in irrigation?"

Rickard was not given to explain the degree of interest his profession involved, for the stranger drew a painful breath, and went on.

"Of course you are, if you are a western man. You are, I think?"

The engineer said he was, by choice.

"Irrigation is the creed of the West. Gold brought people to this country; water, scientifically applied, will keep them here. Look at Riverside. And we are at the primer stage only. We are way behind the ancients in information on that subject. I learned at school, so did you, that some of the most glorious civilizations flourished in spite of the desert which surrounded them. That was only half a truth. They were great because of it! Why did the Incas choose the desert when their strength gave them the choice of the continent of South America? Why did the Aztecs settle in the desert when they might easily have preempted the watered regions? Then there are the Carthaginians, the Toltecs, the Moors. And one never forgets Egypt!"

"For protection," Rickard gave the slightest question an interested recognition. "Was that not what we were taught at school? The forest held foes, animal and human. Those nations grew to their strength and power in the desert by virtue of its isolation."

"Superstition!" retorted the man with the tie. "We are babes at the breast measured by the wisdom of the men who settled Damascus, or compared with the Toltecs, or those ancient tribes who settled in northern India. They recognized the value of aridity. They knew its threefold worth."

"An inherent value?" demanded the college-bred man, turning from the window.

"An inherent value," declared the exponent of aridity.

"Will you tell me just what you mean?"

"Not in one session! Look yonder. That's Brawley. When I came through here ten years ago I could have had my pick of this land at 25 cents an acre. They were working at this scheme then—on paper. I was not alive to the possibilities then; I had not yet lived in Utah!"

The train was slowing up by a brand new yellow-painted station. There were several dusty automobiles waiting by the track, a few faded surreys and the inevitable country hotel bus. The platform was swarming with alert, vigorous faces, distinctly of the American type.

The man in the seat beside him asked Rickard if he observed the general average of intelligence in the faces of the crowd below. Rickard acknowledged that he had been struck by that, not only here but at Imperial Junction, where he had waited for the train.

"There is a club in the valley, lately started, a university club which admits as members those who have had at least two years of college training. The list numbers three hundred already. The first meeting was held last week in an empty new store in Imperial. If it had not been for the setting we might have been at Ann Arbor or Palo Alto. The costumes were a little motley, but the talk sounded like home."

The dust blowing in through the car doors brought on another fit of strangling. Rickard turned again to the window, to the active scene which denuded the presence of desert beyond.

"The doctors say it will have to be the desert always for me." The stranger tapped his chest significantly. "But it is exile no longer—not in an irrigated country. For the reason of irrigation! It is the progressive man, the man with ideas, or the man who is willing to take them, who comes into this desert country. If he has not had education it is forced upon him. I saw it worked out in Utah. I was there several years. Irrigation means operation. That is, to me, the chief value of aridity."

The wind, though still blowing through the car and ruffling the train dust, was carrying less of grit and sand. To the nostrils of Rickard and his new acquaintance it brought the pleasing suggestion of grassy meadows, of willow-lined streams and fragrant fields.

"It is the accepted idea that this valley is attracting a superior class of men because of its temperance stand. It is the other way round. The valley stood for temperance because of the sort of men who had settled here, the men of the irrigation type."

The engineer's ear criticized "irrigation type." He began to suspect that he had picked up a crank.

"The desert offers a man special advantages, social, industrial and agricultural. It is no accident that you find a certain sort of man here."

"I suppose you mean the

struggle necessary to develop such a country, under such stern conditions, develops of necessity strong men?" evolved Rickard. "Oh, yes, I believe that, too."

"Oh, more than that. It is not so much the struggle as the necessity for co-operation. The mutual dependence is one of the blessings of aridity."

"One of the blessings of aridity!" echoed his listener. "You are a philosopher." He had not yet touched the other's thought at the spring.

"You might as well call me a socialist because I praise irrigation in that it stands for the small farm unit," retorted the valley man. "That is one of its flats; the small unit. It is the small farm that pays. That fact brings many advantages. What is the charm of Riverside? It comes to me always like the unreal dream of the socialist come true. It is a city of farms, of small farms, where a man may make his living off his ten acres of oranges or lemons; and with all the comforts and conveniences of a city within reach, his neighbors not ten miles off!"

A farmer in Riverside or in any irrigated community does not have to postpone living for himself or his family until he can sell the farm! He can go to church, can walk there; the trolley car which passes his door takes him to a public library or the opera house. His children ride to school. His wife does not need to be a drudge. The bread wagon and the steam laundry wagon stop at her door."

Rickard observed that perhaps he did not know anything about irrigation after all! He had not thought of it before in its sociological relation but merely as it touched his profession.

"Not going into soil values, for that is a long story," began the older man. "Irrigation is the answer which science gives to the agriculturist who is impatient of haphazard methods. Irrigation is not a compromise, as so many believe who know nothing about it. It is a distinct advantage over the old-fashioned methods."

"I am one of those who always thought it a compromise," admitted the engineer.

"Better call rain a compromise," retorted the irrigationist. "The man who irrigates gives water to the tree which needs it; rain nourishes one tree and drowns out another. Irrigation is an insurance policy against drought, a guarantee against floods. The farmer who has once operated an irrigated farm would be as impatient were he again subjected to the caprice of rain as a housewife would be were she compelled to wait for rain to fill her washbowl. There is no irregularity or caprice about irrigation."

"Wonder how the old fellow picked it all up?" mused Rickard with disrespect. Aloud he said, "You were speaking of the value of the soil?"

"Look at the earth those plows are turning over. See how rich and friable it is, how it crumbles? You can dig for hundreds of feet and still find that sort of soil, eight hundred feet down! It is disintegrated rock and leaf mold brought in here in the making of a delta. Heavy rainfalls are rare here, though we have had them, in spite of popular opinion. Were we to have frequent rains the chemical properties which rain farmers must buy to enrich their worn-out soils would be leached out, drained from the soil. I can't make this comprehensive, but I've a monograph on desert soil. If you are interested I'll send it to you."

"I should like it—immensely," assented the engineer, still amused.

"It explains the choice of the Aztecs, of the Incas, of Carthaginians, the Moors," observed the stranger. "They chose the desert, not in spite of the soil but because of it. I doubt if they were aware to the social advantages of the system, but it was their co-operative brotherhood that helped them to their glory. We are centuries behind them. I'm getting out here—Imperial. If you come up to Imperial look me up. Brandon's my name. I've no card these days!"

"There are several things I want to hear from you," answered Rickard, following brown necktie and pointed beard to the platform. "I'll be sure to look you up. Mine's Rickard."

The breeze which was now entering the car windows had blown over the clover-leaved fields. Its message was sweet and fresh. Rickard could see the canals leading off like silver threads to the homes and farms of the future; "the socialists' dream come true!" Willows of two or three years' growth outlined the banks. Here and there a tent or a ramada set up a brave defiance against the hard conditions of the land it was invading. Rickard leaned out of the window and looked back up the valley which was dominated by the range now wrapping around itself gauzy, iridescent draperies.

"The monument to an effete superstition!" he repeated. "That wasn't a bad idea."

CHAPTER IV.

The Desert Hotel.

He left the dusty car with relief when the twin towers were called. He

had expected to see a Mexican town, or at least a Mexican influence, as the towns hugged the border, but it was as vividly American as was Imperial or Brawley. There was the yellow-painted station of the Overland Pacific lines, the water tank, the eager American crowd. Railroad sheds announced the terminal of the road. Backed toward the station was the inevitable hotel bus of the country town, a painted sign hanging over its side advertising the Desert hotel. Before he reached the step the vehicle was crowded.

"Wait, gentlemen, I'm coming back for a second load," called the ducky who was holding the reins.

"If you wait for the second trip you won't get a room," suggested a friendly voice from the seat above.

Rickard threw his bag to the grinning negro and swung onto the crowded steps.

Leaving the railroad sheds he observed a building which he assumed was the hotel. It looked promising, attractive with its wide encircling veranda and the patch of green which distance gave the dignity of a lawn. But the ducky whipped over his stolid horses. Rickard's eyes followed the patch of green.

The friendly voice from above told him that that was the office of the Desert Reclamation company. His next survey was more personal. He saw himself entering the play as the representative of a company that was distrusted if not indeed actively hated by the valley folk. It amused him that his entrance was so quiet as to be sur-



"Brandon's My Name."

reptitious. It would have been quieter had Marshall had his way. But he himself had stipulated that Hardin should be told of his coming. He had seen the telegram before it left the Tucson office. He might be assuming an unfamiliar role in this complicated drama of river and desert, but it was not to be as an eavesdropper.

The heavy bus was plowing slowly through the dust of the street. Rickard was given ample time to note the limitations of the new town. They passed two brick stores of general merchandise, lemons and woolen goods, stockings and crackers disporting fraternally in their windows. A board sign swinging from the overhanging porch of the most pretentious building announced the post office. From a small adobe hung a brass plate advising the stranger of the Bank of Calexico. The "dobe pressed close to another two-storied structure of the desert type. The upper floor, supported by posts, extended over the sidewalk. Netted wire screened away the desert mosquito and gave the overhanging gallery the grotesque appearance of a huge fencing mask. From the street could be seen rows of beds, as in hospital wards. Calexico, it was seen, slept out of doors.

"Desert hotel," bawled the ducky, reining in his placid team.

"Yes, sah, I'll look out for your bag. Got your room? The hotel's mighty sure to be full. Not many women yit down this a-way. . . . All the men mostly lives right heah at the hotel."

Rickard made a dive from a swirl of dust into the hotel. The long line he anticipated at the desk was not there. He stopped to take in a valley innovation. One end of the long counter had been converted into a soda-water bar. The high swivel stools in front of the white marbled stand, with its towering silver fixtures, were crowded with dust-parched occupants of the bus. A white-coated youth was pouring colored sirups into tall glasses; there was a clinking of ice; a sizzling of siphons. "That's a new one on me," grinned Rickard, turning toward the desk where a complacent proprietor stood waiting to announce that there was but one room left.

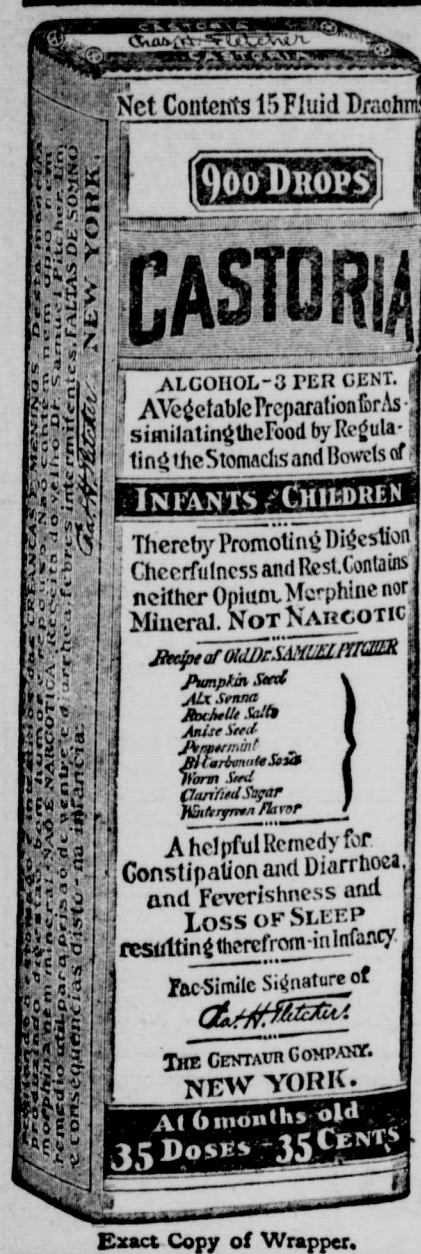
"With bath?"

How will Hardin receive the man who comes to supplant him and how will Hardin's wife receive the man who once had told her of his love and then, torn by doubts, had run away from her expectant eyes? These are questions that worry Rickard, but he is not left long in doubt. Get the answer, with Rickard, in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Tote" Philosophy.

Always carry a little philosophy about with you. A gilded searchlight is of little account to the big 'un stuck in the mud.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. W. Pitcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Thoroughly Obliging.

"Your constituents want an explanation of those latest remarks of yours," said the faithful secretary.

"Fix 'em up an explanation that they won't understand," replied Senator Sorghum; "then explain that in the same way and keep on explaining. I don't believe in ever refusing my constituents anything."

Experiments have shown that the average speed of an ordinary snail is at the rate of one mile in 14 days.

Americans are the greatest water drinkers in the world.

The Optimist.

The optimist is a man who has nothing much to make him cheerful, but who can look at the crowds of lady shoppers, these days, and be glad he's not a muskrat.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Achieving the Goal.

Pupil (airily)—You know, I am learning music only to kill time.

Teacher (grimly)—You're doing it.

Paradoxical.

"Is Jones of dry tendencies?"

"Well, he's on the water wagon."—Baltimore American.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"

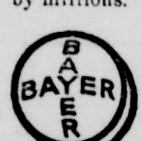
"Bayer Cross" on Tablets.



True Aspirin! The "genuine."

SUCCESSOR TO QUININE

"Proved safe by millions."



Buy "Bayer" packages.

For Colds, Grippe, Influenzal Colds

No Discomfort! No Head-buzzing! No Distress!

Millions of people take "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" as the best means to prevent as well as to overcome Colds, Grippe and Influenzal Colds—being far more efficient than quinine. Relief comes without discomfort or distress.

"The Master of Colds"—Dependable!

Adults—Take one or two "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" with water. If necessary, repeat dose three times a day, after meals.

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"

Buy only the original "Bayer packages." Look for the safety "Bayer Cross" always. 20 cent package—also larger packages.

Owned by Americans Entirely.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Acid-Stomach Ruins Health of Millions

Besides those awful attacks of indigestion; that painful bloated, lumpy feeling after eating and downright stomach misery that you who have experienced it know so well; besides disgusting belching, food-repeating, sour stomach and distressing heartburn—besides all this, ACID-STOMACH undermines the health and saps the strength of millions.

If you don't get rid of those stomach miseries there is no telling where your stomach troubles will end, for it is a well known scientific fact that many serious ailments have their start in an acid-stomach.

Start now—this very day—to get rid of your stomach miseries. Take EATONIC—the wonderful remedy that absorbs the excess acid from the stomach and brings INSTANT relief. You simply have no idea how much better, stronger and brighter you feel at once. It drives out all the gas and bloated, puts an immediate stop to belching and heartburn,

ends stomach suffering and makes it cool, sweet, comfortable and strong. There can be no further excuse for you to allow acid-stomach to wreck your health—pile up misery upon misery until you get to the point where you feel down and out and that life has lost all its joys. Remember, just as acid-mouth ruins teeth, so acid-stomach ruins health.

Take EATONIC. It's good, just like a bit of candy and makes the stomach feel fine. You can then eat the things you like and, what is more, every mouthful you eat will count in creating power and energy. You'll feel so much better—have punch and pep—the power and will to do things and get results, and your stomach misery will be gone.

Take our advice. Get a big box of EATONIC from your druggist today. It costs so little. If it fails to remove your stomach distress, he will refund your money. That is guaranteed; you are to be satisfied or money refunded.

EATONIC

FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH

New Blouse Has Call for Favor

New York.—The blouse is a sartorial robin. It heralds the approach of spring. It is the kind of accessory to a costume that both pleases and irritates. That it is usually wrong is the verdict of most women. When it is right it is very, very right, and that is the best that can be said for it, observes a prominent fashion writer.

Its possibilities for evil are not limited. Those who recognize that the neckline governs the appearance of the face know full well the chances for good and evil that rest in the collar of a separate waist.

There is no end to the making of blouses, as of books. No one can cavil at the paucity of these garments. Any shop in any town, at any time, is

blouses this year—is that it looks far better as part of a costume than as an addition to a coat suit. As a peplum blouse worn with a skirt of its own color, or in harmonious contrast to it, it is very good; not as good as satin or silk jersey, but commendable. It may be ornamental, if one can adopt that type of blouse, and even trimmed with beads, which is a debatable form of ornamentation on a separate garment, but not impossible for certain types of women.

Because of the adoption of uniforms through the war there is a strong recrudescence of the tailored linen shirtwaist for women, especially in horizon blue, shrimp pink and dead white edged with color. These have tucked fronts, long plain sleeves, regulation armholes, turnover cuffs with link buttons, and the collar of a French student of the Second Empire.

Women have found that a rolling collar with a slight bit of starch, worn with a cravat, is an attractive neckline. Only the very young woman with a slim, smooth neck can attempt the high turnover collar, either starched or soft. Below a face that shows the marks of time this collar is impossible.

Blouses as Part of Costumes.

When the French designers made the peplum blouse and then sat back in watchful waiting for its success, which took long to come, they created something that was very worth while. American women see the light today, and they grasp with eagerness the possibilities of this outside tunic blouse.

It is difficult to persuade a certain set of women that there are other types of blouses. Nothing could induce them to return to the kind that tucks in under the skirt belt. They feel they have eliminated this awkward line around the middle of the body, and they choose all their blouses after the tunic pattern, whether for railroad suits or for service with a separate skirt under a fur coat.

It is sometimes permitted to tuck the back of the blouse under the skirt, provided there is a front panel that drops, apron-wise, below the waist, and an ornamental belt which runs from each side of it to the back. This is the most ingenious compromise between the new and the old blouses.

Blouse Inspired by American Indian.

Fabrics are now chosen for these tunic-like garments that have never been considered in the making of short shirtwaists. Kid, for instance. That is a material unheard of among the weavers as part and parcel of women's apparel. Yet the new kid tunic blouses, sent from France and copied in this country, are excessively smart and better liked by certain well-dressed women than the hip blouses of caracol cloth worn during the midwinter.

These kid tunics make a woman look



An American Indian blouse of dull blue kid embroidered in a pottery design of red and silver. The sash of red satin is knotted in front.

apt to confuse a woman with the multiple offerings hurled at her across the counter the moment she asks to look at blouses.

These bits of the costume are the small change of the shopkeeper. They are taken in and out of stock, off and on the counter, throughout the different months of the year. They fill in spaces. They break the monotony of business which arrives between the periods of high pressure. It is not true that what a woman wants she can always get in this department of dress, but it is overwhelmingly true that whatever she says she wants is answered by an avalanche of designs, offered to her as the best and the latest.

Evil Possibilities of Blouses.

Of course, there are new fashions in the blouses this spring. They have been shown to women; they have been purchased for the unusually large exodus to the South, and they will appeal to the majority of women during the next four weeks, when one's thoughts turn to the rehabilitation of the winter wardrobe, or the acquisition of a new one.

There is no more paucity of invention in blouses this year than last. France and America have both done their best—and it is in this vast variety that evil possibilities lie. If women could be trained to regard the blouse as something fatal, unless well chosen, they would go about the business of getting together a half dozen with the precaution and precision necessary when walking on ice. They would not buy georgette because it is fashionable, tomato-red because it was the style, nor would they choose galloon embroidery, shoe-lace braiding or brass buttons because the designers had chosen to exploit these caprices. They would go among all the masses of waists with the precision of a bird flying to its nest. They would take the nearest straight line to what they want. If they did not find it they would go elsewhere; if it was not to be found in the shops they would have it made by a specialist or a seamstress, from a well-considered pattern.

The part of a blouse that is very often fatal is the collar. There are few women who can stand more than two types of neckline. A woman should not rebel against this verdict. She should accept it and thus eliminate trouble. She should experiment with blouses that do not carry either one of these necklines. She must remember that no blouse is worth its price if it hasn't the kind of collar that offsets the neckline of her coat. She must also take well into consideration the difference between a blouse which is to be worn as a part of a costume topped by a fur or cloth coat, and one that is merely a shirtwaist and part of a tailored suit.

These are not all the requirements for success in buying blouses. A woman must have, or must acquire, a true knowledge of the juxtaposition of fabrics. She must know what material in a blouse goes best with the material of her suit or her separate skirt and top coat. For instance, georgette, beaded in a bold design, does not go with a homespun or a cheviot suit. That is merely one example out of a dozen or two others that could easily be enumerated.

The truth about georgette—which is worth repeating because the fabric plays so dominant a role in separate



Peplum blouse of heavy black satin, with wide flat collar of fine cream lace. The hem is turned under to form a puff. It is tied at the waist with a narrow dull-silver cord.

amazingly like her Indian predecessors in this country. Colored skins are chosen, and on dark surfaces there is an ornamentation such as the Indians put on their pottery. Take a dark-blue kid tunic worn with a black velvet skirt, have it ornamented in a pottery design in yellow and black and a thread of dull red, and you get an exceedingly ingenious costume.

The milliners are quite willing to match up these kid tunics with turbans and the woman who likes to look like an Indian chooses a turban, not in kid, but in taffeta, with upstanding quills painted at the tips.

(Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

New Touches in Embroidery.

The newest thing in children's dresses are those trimmed in hand embroidery, often in some figure or picture such as a flower pot or the popular Nenette and Rintintin.

WRIGLEY'S

The Greatest Name in Goody-Land

YOU know the realm of childhood dreams is a land of sweets.

Make some of those dreams a delightful reality by taking home

WRIGLEY'S frequently.

How about tonight?

SEALED TIGHT KEPT RIGHT

The Flavor Lasts!

WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT
WRIGLEY'S SWEET MINT
WRIGLEY'S SWEET FRUIT
WRIGLEY'S SWEET MINT



HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know that when you sell or buy through the sales you have about one chance in fifty to escape SALE STABLE DISTEMPER. "SPOON'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard, for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive, no matter how they are "exposed." At all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers.

SPOON MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Patience and Kindness.

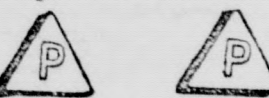
"The tricks that man taught his little dog required a great deal of patience and kindness."

"Unquestionably," answered Miss Cayenne. "I can't understand what kept the little dog from biting him."

EAT A TABLET! DYSPEPSIA GONE

PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN INSTANTLY RELIEVES SOUR, GASSY OR ACID STOMACHS.

When meals hit back and your stomach is sour, acid, gassy, or you feel full and bloated. When you have heavy lumps of pain or headache from indigestion. Here is instant relief!



Just as soon as you eat a tablet or two of Pape's Diapepsin all the dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach distress ends. These pleasant, harmless tablets of Pape's Diapepsin never fail to make upset stomachs feel fine at once, and they cost very little at drug stores. Adv.

Nobody to Hear.

"I suppose, if I tried to kiss you, you would scream."

"Of course I would. But I'm suffering from a very weak throat."

Cirrus clouds have been recorded more than seventeen miles above the surface of the earth.

SAFE, GENTLE REMEDY CLEANSSES YOUR KIDNEYS

For centuries GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been a standard household remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and stomach trouble, and all diseases connected with the urinary organs. The kidneys and bladder are the most important organs of the body. They are the filters, the purifiers of your blood. If the poisons which enter your system through the blood and stomach are not entirely thrown out by the kidneys and bladder, you are doomed.

Weariness, sleeplessness, nervousness, despondency, backache, stomach trouble, headache, pain in loins and lower abdomen, gall stones, gravel, difficulty when urinating, cloudy and bloody urine, rheumatism, sciatica and lumbago, all warn you to look after your kidneys and bladder. All these indicate some weakness of the kidneys or other organs or that the enemy microbes which are always present in your system have attacked your weak spots. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules are what you need.

They are not a "patent medicine," nor a "new discovery." For 200 years they

A Reg'lar Champion.

"I hear that old Bill Simpkins is the most no account fellow in your town," remarked the city cousin. "Not good for anything, is he?"

"Wall, I don't want to be too hard agin the old feller," responded the man who had something good to say about everybody. "He raises some of the likeliest lookin' weeds in this part of the kentry."

A Question.

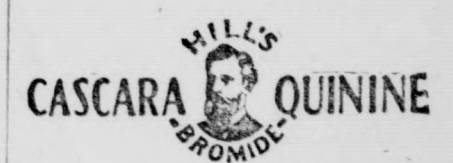
"Well, it's neither here nor there."

"Then where in blazes is it?"—Chicago Daily News.

To keep clean and healthy take Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Adv.

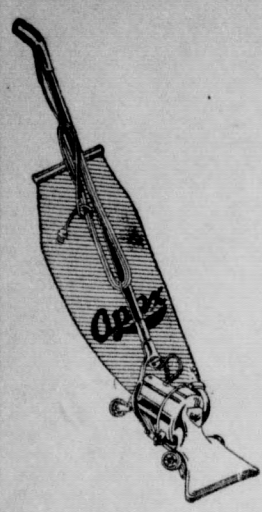
Sin is as rust on a polished blade—you may rub it off, but it's hard to remove the spots.

Don't wait until your cold develops Spanish Influenza or pneumonia. Kill it quick.



Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, No. 9-1919.



The "APEX" Vaccuum Cleaner

Not only sweeps but completely removes dust and dirt from walls, curtains, pictures, furniture, etc.

So light that a child can handle it yet so rapid and efficient that the drudgery of sweeping and cleaning is only a memory to those who possess an APEX. Built scientifically, practically indestructible, economical in operation and very low first cost.

PHONE US FOR DEMONSTRATION

Sierra Madre Electric Co.
G. I. FARMAN, Manager

SEED TIME—

Plant a Garden and some Flowers.

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY
F. H. HARTMAN & SON
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS
25 N. BALDWIN AVE. PHONE BLACK 25
We Sell Germicidal Soap

W. F. HATFIELD THE OLD RELIABLE
Realty and Insurance Broker
Still Doing Business at the Old Stand
REPRESENTING
The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company
Writing Insurance For
Life, Sickness, or Accident, Single and Combination Policies for Men and Women
Fire and Automobile Insurance. Employers Liability Insurance
W. F. HATFIELD
Commissioned Notary Public. 144 North Mountain Trail

Latest Model Ford with Self-Starter on Display

We were fortunate in securing one of the Latest Model Fords with self-starter as part of the factory equipment.
It is a Sedan and on display at the Sierra Madre Automobile Show today and until Saturday noon. Come in and see this little wonder.
Orders booked for quick delivery.

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberg, Prop.

FINE JOB PRINTING — THE NEWS PRINTERY

Plant Ornamental Trees and Shrubs To Beautify your Home

We specialize on hardy, attractive flowering and foliage trees and shrubs that are adapted to our local climate. These plants are well established and all ready to set out. You will find our prices very reasonable.

Phone Your Wants

We Deliver

Irving N. Ward Nursery
Phone Blue 29. Mt. Trail and Laurel Ave.

Jones Gets a Raise

By IMES MACDONALD

(Copyright, 1918, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Young Mr. Jones reached over and gave his adding machine a few tentative jabs and again lapsed into a reverie. Five years out of a midwestern college, and David R. Jones had little to boast of in the way of achievement. He had been ambitious, but eager and enthusiastic application to his job for five long years had failed to lift him out of the clerk's class.

When he had taken the job in answer to an advertisement he had been assured of "rapid advancement and a future for the right man." But he was still doing the same work he had been doing after his first three months with the company. He had stuck to one job with sincere and industrious purpose without its bringing him anything in the way of advancement—and now that it was June again the prospect of another long, hot summer in that office galled him.

With a thoughtful air he withdrew from his wallet a clipping which he had torn from his newspaper on the way downtown in the subway that morning.

"WANTED—Athletic young man as boatman on gentleman's estate. Conscientious shore. Must be expert swimmer—know motorboats, sailboats and canoes—make repairs and be generally useful and obliging; \$60 monthly and board. See Mrs. Agnes Turner between 10 and 12 Tuesday, Hotel Arkwright."

And after he had read the ad through once more young Mr. Jones arose from his desk and entered the private office of his great and exclusive boss, the well-known Mr. Henry P. Riggs. Mr. Riggs, or "Old H. P.," as he was called in the outer office, stared at the impulsive Mr. Jones with surly surprise. The privacy of his domain had never before been so violated.

"Well?" he demanded.
"I'm Jones," said Jones. "David R. Jones. I've been with this company five years. I have a fair education, a certain amount of brains and some ability. When I came here I was promised rapid advancement and a future, and before I die of old age at \$35 a week I thought I'd go into the matter with you."

"Well?" repeated Old H. P. sourly. "I want a man's job and \$3,000 a year from today or I'm through."

Old H. P. glared, and the barest crinkle of a sarcastic smile puckered up one corner of his mouth. "You're through, all right!" he agreed, "and you won't find three-thousand-dollar jobs hanging on trees around this town, young man."

"Anyway," grinned Jones affably, "I don't intend to hang on this tree till I'm rotten. There are plenty of other trees growing in the orchard of Manhattan."

"Very well," growled Old H. P., turning back to his desk. "But if you don't get your fancy job you can have your old one here any time before the first of September," he flung over his shoulder.

"Huh!" he grunted a few days later when the incident recurred to him. "The young squirt! And I was proud of fifteen a week at his age!"

But at that very moment David R. Jones, clad in a sleeveless jersey and an old pair of flannel trousers, was tuning up the engine of a high-powered motorboat up on the Connecticut shore.

"Hello, boatman!" shouted a voice above the din, and Jones looked up to see a smiling face peering at him over the edge of the dock.

She swung her legs over the side and turned around with the intention of sliding down backwards to the deck of the boat, some six feet below. Her skirt caught on a bolt, but she kept right on sliding till the modest Mr. Jones was compelled to turn his face away.

"Unhook me," she finally wailed indignantly. And Jones, wiping his dirty hands on a piece of waste, reached up obediently and unhooked her, setting her safely on her feet with a grin.

"My—my coming was quite a revelation, wasn't it?" she said demurely, the color deepening in her cheeks.

But Jones had pretended not to notice, although the nice men who pretend never to notice are the very ones who never miss anything. "Who might you be?" he asked pleasantly.

"I'm Lotta, the youngest," she laughed. "Charlotte Riggs, you know. We only got here just a little while ago—Louise and Nina and Aunt Agnes. Aunt says you impressed her very favorably at your interview in town, and she thinks you're going to be a very nice boatman. What's your name?"

And from that day forth David R. Jones was Lotta's very own. She appropriated him as something sent to her by the gods for her own special pleasure and amusement. Together they painted the boats—mended the dock—re-built the boat. Sturdily she worked at his side, and in between times they swam together. If the rest of the family noticed it at all they merely passed it off with a shrug—for after all Lotta was only a kid, but—

The day H. P. Riggs was expected up to spend a week with his family, Lotta and Jones went across the bay in the motorboat to meet him, and he was introduced to the bare-shouldered, brawny young boatman by his daughter. At first he did not recognize Jones, but the way Lotta hovered over

that young man drew her father's undivided attention and disapproval—and while he glowered over his daughter's so apparent affection for his erstwhile clerk, Jones' identity registered itself on his brain.

"Davy isn't really a boatman," explained Lotta to her father that night at the dinner table. "He's just a very nice young man who worked his head off five whole years for a grouchy old man who wouldn't give him a chance. So Davy made up his mind to have a nice vacation this summer and find a better job next fall."

And as usual Lotta hurried through her dinner and slipped down to the beach and Davy Jones.

"Why, darn it all!" said Davy, a few minutes later. "You shouldn't have told him that. Your father was the old guy who wouldn't give me a chance!"

And Lotta sat back against an up-turned boat in amazement. "Mean old thing!" she said, disrespectfully, with visions in her young mind of putting it over on her father. Then she leaned her slim length against Davy Jones, with one hand curled behind his neck—and if you've ever had anyone you loved standing as Lotta was, begging to be kissed, you probably know just what Jones did about it.

"Since the very first day, Davy dear, I've been wanting you to kiss me," she was saying, as the glow of Old H. P.'s cigar came around the corner of the boathouse. For a moment he stopped and watched the two who stood so close together there, his daughter and Davy Jones—then he walked over and faced them grimly.

"I suppose you'll be wanting your old job back again," said H. P. Riggs to the startled Mr. Jones. "When a man's married he rather needs a job, doesn't he? But the two of you can't live on thirty-five a week."

"Lotta says we can," grinned Jones, hugging that willing young woman just a bit closer—and then he bluffed a little. "However, we won't have to. I'm starting with Rogers, Wyman & Co., the first of September at \$3,500 a year."

Whereupon Lotta squeezed his arm and eyed her father hostilely. For a moment H. P. Riggs withstood that glance and then he extended his hand with a grin.

"On the contrary, Dave," he said almost genially, "you're starting with H. P. Riggs & Co. at \$5,000—and eventually a—a partnership."

And then Lotta graciously transferred one of Davy Jones' kisses to her father and back again.

DESIGNED FOR THE CURIOUS

Not Hard to Trace Origin and Reason for the Gazebo in Architectural Designs.

No name could be more descriptive than gazebo for a building, whether it assume the form of a tower or balcony, which was erected for the purpose of enabling anyone to gaze about; and there is no need to hunt through the pages of a dictionary for the origin of so obvious a term. Curiosity is common to the race, and contrivances of all kinds have been called for throughout the ages, and will continue to be, to enable people to pry into their neighbors' affairs; and architectural solutions of the problem must always be as interesting as they have frequently proved most picturesque.

Doubtless in the remotest antiquity such means of prying were in vogue, and the hanging gardens of Babylon may have presented replicas of the towers of Kent or Chambers; but we will go no further back for examples than Pliny's villa at Laurentum. The Plinys, as we know, were of a very inquiring turn of mind, and are most appropriately commemorated at Como, their supposed birthplace, on the west front of the cathedral, by a sculptured representation of each engaged in looking out of a window. Thus it was that when Pliny the Younger built his celebrated villa he gave it two towers, and as they could be used neither for defense in such a place nor for smoking rooms at such a period, we can only suppose them to have been erected to serve as gazebos where he could look into the grounds of his neighbors and watch their incomings and outgoings.—J. Travenor Perry in Architect (England).

Joe's Mistake.

Six-year-old Joe had the influenza. Knowing that Aunt Anne always brought gifts to her sick nephews and nieces he expressed a desire to see her. She came and brought with her several toys and books. Eight-year-old Virginia and Aunt Anne were both at Joe's bedside when mother brought in his medicine. Joe fretted against taking it, and Aunt Anne generously offered: "If you'll take it like a little man auntie will get you a new soldier's cap," she promised.

A few minutes later in the dining room adjoining the sick room she heard the gift discussed. "You didn't take on enough, Joe," Virginia was criticizing her brother. "If you had cried loud like everything you'd a got a whole suit of clothes."

Good From Alchemy.

The philosopher's stone never existed except hypothetically in the imagination of credulous humanity. But out of the efforts of many thoughtful men the present has grown with its enlightened views and fuller knowledge. Alchemy, although in many respects a remarkable example of the extent to which human reason may aberrate, can never be without human interest. It brought to view many fresh fields of research, and led to the discovery of many facts of great importance during its strange and devious career.

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M. D. WELSHER, Grocer
FRESH MEATS, VEGETABLES, GROCERIES
Quality and Quantity Guaranteed

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR OUR BIG SALE ON APRIL 12TH

Special for SATURDAY ONLY in the Market—

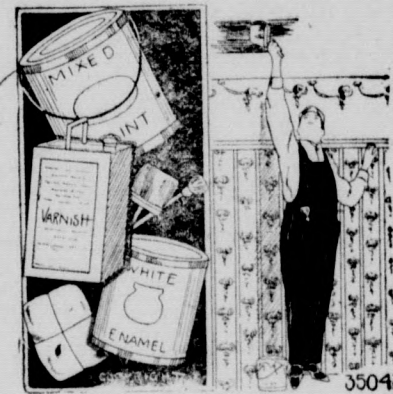
Cod fat or Kidney Suet per pound 12 1-2c
Nice Lean Pot Roast per pound 24c

IN THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT—

Petite Wafers, per package 15c
16 ounce can Royal Baking Powder 45c
(This is a full pound can)
Skinners Macaroni per package 8c
3 Large Loaves of Hot Bread for 25c
(On Sale All Day)
Iris Newpack Coffee 40c lb; 3 pound can \$1.15

APRIL 12 THE DAY APRIL 12

Paints and Brushes



You have been thinking the house needed painting, or perhaps the bedroom, or the kitchen floor, or maybe it was the barn or garage. Well our stock of ready mixed paints is complete and we have proper paint for every job, inside or outside, and the quality is guaranteed.

Special—Good broom for 65c

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SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.

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Six months \$1.00
Three Months50
Paper Stopped at Expiration.
Telephone - - - Black 42

The Sierra Madre band will give a concert tonight at the automobile show.

Mrs. L. E. Lyon entertained at a family dinner last week for Clifton D. Pettis of New York.

If you have no clothing to give the Red Cross, money is just as acceptable, as it will buy 'em.

John Olsen returned from San Francisco, yesterday, with his discharge and this time he is home to stay.

Charles Nomura moved from his ranch south of town to the property at the corner of Canyon and Laurel, this week.

Mrs. Nina B. Allerton of Los Angeles, is assisting in the A. N. Adams real estate office during Mis McDaniel's absence.

Mrs. O. McDaniel, formerly of this place, died at her home in Long Beach the first of the week and was buried there Thursday.

Base ball game Sunday at 3 p. m. at the school grounds between Sierra Madre ball club and the "All Stars" club of this place.

T. N. Stack of New Orleans, has rented the property at 204 East Central avenue, where with his family he will make his home.

The Red Cross drive for clothes, blankets, sheets, etc., closes next Monday night. If you have nothing of this kind to give—give money.

CREDIT DUE

Don't think the world stops movin',
'Cause it jes' aint pleasin' you;
That you think so, aint quite provin',
Highest praise your lawful due.

Don't think we're always bettin'
On you, coming, same as income tax;
Or your dues you'll soon be gettin',
Where the chicken got the ax.
—A. L. Soran.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE QUALITY OF GASOLINE

One page five will be found an announcement by the Standard Oil Company explaining why the necessary production of gasoline for our fighting aeroplanes was responsible during the latter part of the war for the lack of easy starting qualities in ordinary motor gasoline.

Every oil company had more or less difficulty with gasoline during the last few months of 1918 and some complaint was heard among motorists. It was impossible until now, however, to offer any explanation, because it was a military fact which could not be made public.

Automobile owners as well as gasoline dealers will be interested in the explanation.

NEWS WANTAD LINERS

(Rates 5 cents a line—cash in advance.)

FOR RENT—Upright piano, nearly new, \$3.50 per month. A. N. Adams.

WANTED—Laundry driver for Sierra Madre and surrounding territory. Monrovia Laundry Co. 26

WANTED—Girl for general housework, to go home nights. 395 W. Mariposa Ave. 26*

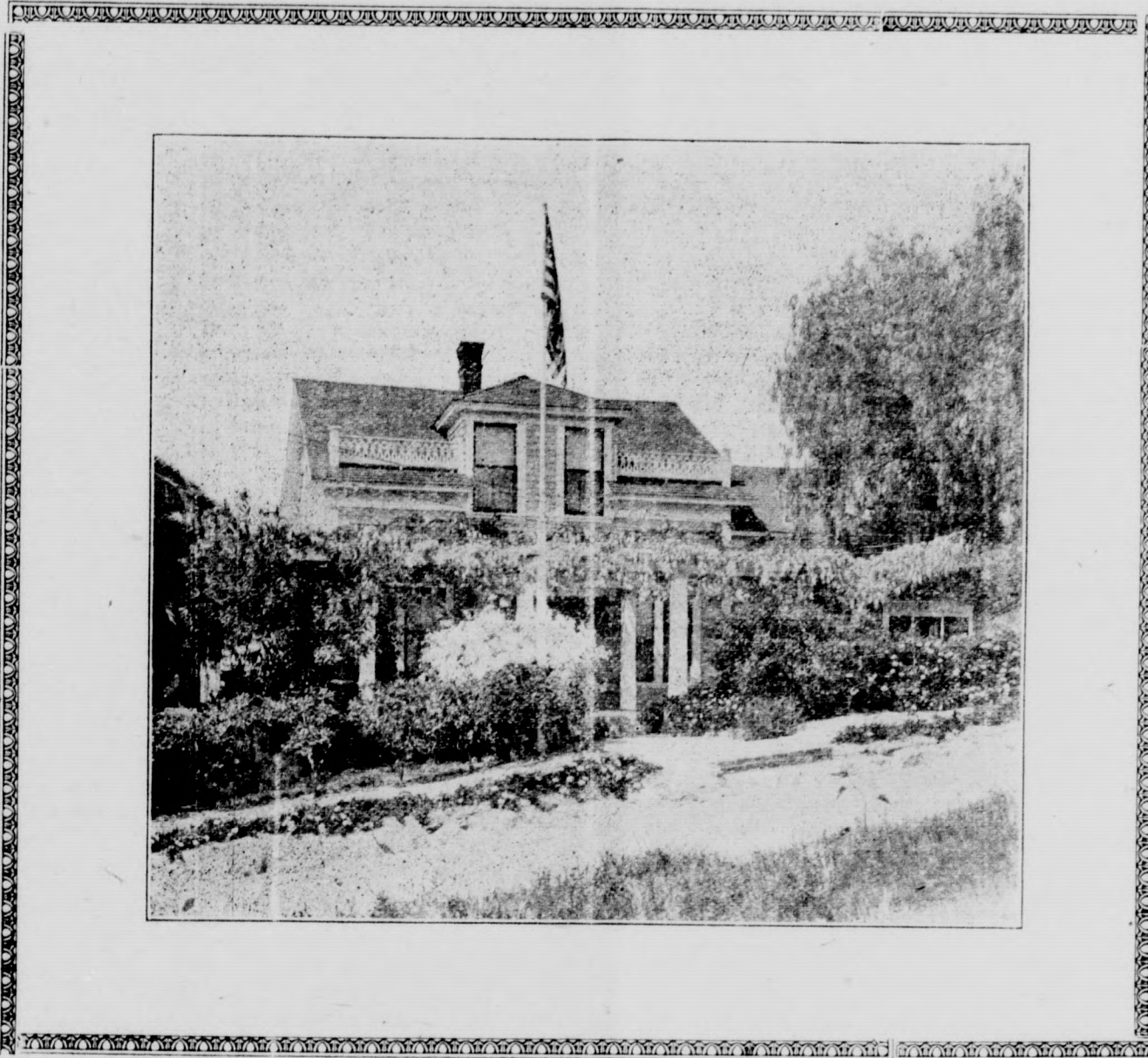
MONEY TO LOAN on improved real estate in sums of \$500 to \$2000 at 7 per cent. A. N. Adams. 26

DRESSMAKING—All kinds of plain and fancy dressmaking. Reasonable prices. Phone Red 135. Mrs. C. C. Tilton, Jr. 29*

NOW IS THE time to clean up yards, plant shrubbery and flowers. See Ridsdale, the gardener, about work. 197 North Auburn Ave. 2627*

WANTED TO RENT—A Grafflex camera or any suitable camera suitable for taking magazine pictures. Reply Elliott Rhodes, Blue 21. 26c

FOR SALE—Store building, stock and fixtures, extra tables, iron bedsteads, oil stoves, two glass show cases, one roll top desk, all in good condition. G. A. Leaming, Woodland Drive. 26*



WISTARIA FLOWER SHOW

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2
TO
MONDAY, APRIL 14, '19

SIERRA MADRE, CALIF.

REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED

And The Proceeds Added to

Our Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Fund

Auspices of the Woman's Club, Sierra Madre, California

ORDINANCE NO. 233.

AN ORDINANCE OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CITY OF SIERRA MADRE REGULATING THE PLANTING OF TREES OR SHRUBBERY IN PUBLIC STREETS, AVENUES OR PUBLIC PLACES IN SAID CITY AND PROVIDING FOR THE MANNER OF SELECTION THEREOF.

The Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. It shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to set out or plant any trees, palms or shrubbery in any part of any streets, roads, avenues or public places in the City of Sierra Madre without first obtaining permission so to do from the Board of Trustees of said City.

SECTION 2. The property owners representing the majority of the frontage upon any given street may select any approved variety of shade tree for planting on said street and may present their choice of such tree by a petition to the Board of Trustees of said City; and if satisfactory to the Board of Trustees, said Board shall designate by resolution such variety of shade tree for planting on said street; and it shall thereafter be the only kind of shade tree to be planted on said street.

For the purpose of this section the total frontage in any one block is defined to be the combined frontage on both sides of any street between the two nearest intersecting streets, or the combined frontage of both sides of any street between the nearest intersecting streets and the end of such street.

SECTION 3. If the property owners along any given street shall fail for the period of six months next after the adoption of this ordinance to make the selection provided for by Section 2 hereof, the said Board of Trustees may select by resolution the variety of shade tree for planting on such street and which variety, so selected, shall thereafter be the only shade tree to be planted on such street.

SECTION 4. It shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees of said city to specify in any resolution adopted in pursuance of Section 2 or Section 3 of this ordinance the limits of the street to which said resolution shall apply, and also to specify the distances at which said shade trees shall be set from each other, and it shall not be construed to require the removal of any trees theretofore planted and growing on said street unless so specified in such resolution, and said resolution may also specify the distance from the abutting property line said trees shall be planted.

SECTION 5. The term of two years from and after the date of this ordinance shall be allowed to the property owners of the City of Sierra Madre in which to set out said trees in accordance with the provisions of this ordinance, and thereafter said Board of Trustees may cause such trees to be planted and the cost thereof to be assessed upon the property in front of which trees are so planted.

SECTION 6. Any person violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not more than twenty-five dollars (\$25) or by imprisonment in the City Jail of the City of Sierra Madre for not more than ten (10) days, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

SECTION 7. The City Clerk shall certify to the passage of this ordinance and its approval by the President of said Board and shall cause the same to be published by one insertion in the Sierra Madre News, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published and circulated in said City of Sierra Madre and thereupon and thereafter the same shall be in full force and effect.

Adopted and approved this 27th day of March, 1919.

ROBERT MITCHELL,

President of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre.

ATTEST:

E. F. BALLOU,

City Clerk of the City of Sierra Madre.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
CITY OF SIERRA MADRE, ss.

I, E. F. Ballou, City Clerk of the City of Sierra Madre, do hereby certify that the foregoing ordinance was duly adopted by the Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre, State of California, and signed by the President of said Board of Trustees at a regular meeting thereof held on the 27th day of March, 1919, and that the same was adopted by the following vote:

AYES: Camp, Essick, Tarr, Webster and Mitchell.

NOES: None.

ABSENT: None.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the official seal of the City of Sierra Madre this 27th day of March, 1919.

(SEAL) E. F. BALLOU,
City Clerk of the City of Sierra Madre.

ORDINANCE NO. 234

AN ORDINANCE OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CITY OF SIERRA MADRE CREATING A WATER DEPARTMENT FOR SAID CITY AND ESTABLISHING WATER RATES, AND REGULATIONS FOR THE USE OF WATER THEREIN, FIXING A PENALTY FOR THE VIOLATION THEREOF, AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES AND PARTS OF ORDINANCES IN CONFLICT THEREWITH.

The Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre do ordain as follows:

SECTION 1. A Water Department of the City of Sierra Madre is hereby created which shall have charge of the operation, maintenance and repair of the water system of said city, subject to the control of the Board of Trustees of said City.

SECTION 2. There shall be a Superintendent of the Water Department, and also an Auditor of said Water Department, to be appointed by Resolution duly passed by said Board of Trustees and which said Resolution shall also fix the salary or compensation to be paid the appointees therein named and such appointees shall hold office during the pleasure of said Board.

SECTION 3. The duties of such Superintendent shall be to conduct such water department subject to the control of said Board of Trustees and to enforce the provisions of this ordinance, and generally to do and perform such duties as the Board of Trustees shall by ordinance or otherwise direct. The Auditor of said water department shall keep all the accounts, books, minutes, and records of said department and shall render and collect all bills thereof. He shall promptly pay into the treasury of said City the proceeds of all collections made by him and shall report the amount of such collections and deposits to the Board of Trustees at the first regular meeting of said Board in each month, together with a list of all delinquents.

SECTION 4. All moneys received by the City Treasurer from the Water Department shall be credited to a "Water Revenue Fund." All money shall be paid out of such fund upon warrants duly drawn thereon in the manner provided by law.

SECTION 5. All water shall be delivered through meters and the meter rate for water used each month shall be as follows:

For 500 cubic feet, or less, \$1.25.
For the second 500 cubic feet or less per 100 cubic feet, .10 cents.
For the next 1500 cubic feet or less, in excess of the first 1000 cubic feet, per 100 cubic feet, .07 cents.

For each 100 cubic feet in excess of the first 2500 cubic feet, .04 cents.

Provided however that where water is served through a permanent meter in excess of a five-eighths inch meter, the minimum monthly charge for such service shall be as follows:

1 inch, \$1.50.
1 1/4 inch, \$1.75.
1 1/2 inch, \$2.00.
2 inch, \$2.25.
3 inch, \$3.00.

Where more than one separate consumer is served through a meter in excess of a five-eighths meter, only one such minimum in excess of \$1.25 minimum shall be charged.

SECTION 6. The Water Superintendent may permit more than one place of business using small quantities of water mainly for lavatory and drinking purposes to be served through the same meter when in his opinion special conditions justify such service; and in all such cases a minimum monthly meter rate shall be charged for each separate place of business so served, of not less than \$1.25 per month.

If any meter readings for such places of business show any excess over the amount of accumulated minimums a pro-rate charge shall be made of such excess to each place of business served through such meter.

SECTION 7. The following flat rates shall be charged and collected by the water department for temporary service as follows:

Water for each barrel of lime or cement, .05 cents.
Wetting brick per 1000, .10 cents.
Water for settling sewer or pipe trenches per lineal foot, .01 cent.
Water for trenches for ornamental lighting per lineal foot, 1/2 cent.
Water for cement curb for each 100 lineal foot, .30 cents.
Water for cement walk for each 100 square feet, .15 cents.

SECTION 8. The Water Superintendent may permit more than one consumer to be served through the same meter when, in his opinion, special conditions justify such service, and in all such cases a minimum monthly meter rate shall be charged for each separate dwelling house, tenement, or premises so served of not less than \$1.25 per month.

The water superintendent shall, in

all such cases, require a written guarantee for the payment of all water so furnished, from a responsible property owner in the City of Sierra Madre.

The water superintendent may, in his discretion, order the discontinuance of such joint service at any time.

SECTION 9. No allowance or rebate shall be made from the regular rates herein specified whether water has been actually used or not unless the Water Department has been notified in writing to discontinue service; and where it is not practicable to shut off the water at the meter on account of more than one consumer being served through the same meter, then the water department must be notified in advance in writing of when any particular use through such meter is to cease, and also in like manner when such use is to be resumed, and if such notice is not so given full minimum rates shall be charged and the Water Superintendent may for failure to give any such notice discontinue such joint service.

SECTION 10. All meters shall be read by the Water Department monthly and all bills for water shall become due and payable at the City Hall on the reading of the meter.

If paid on or before the 15th of the next succeeding month a cash discount of 25 cents shall be allowed on each minimum.

All water bills remaining unpaid on the 16th of such month shall thereupon become delinquent and the water may be shut off without further notice.

The Water Superintendent may, in his discretion, cause a meter reading to be made at any time and thereupon the bill for water used since previous reading shall become immediately due and payable.

SECTION 11. All water rates shall be charged against the property on which it is furnished and against the owner thereof and if for any cause any sums owing therefor become delinquent the water may be cut off and in no case shall it be turned on to the same property until all such delinquencies shall have been paid in full.

On failure to comply with the rules and regulations established as a condition to the use of water or to pay rates or meter rent or any charge or penalty imposed under the terms of this ordinance the water may be shut off until payment of the amount due is made, with One Dollar in addition for expense of turning water off and on.

SECTION 12. The Water Department shall have the right in its discretion to require a deposit in advance as a condition precedent to furnishing water service in an amount not exceeding the estimated charge for water to be furnished for two months use, but not less in any case than three (\$3.00) dollars.

SECTION 13. Whenever there is available a surplus gravity flow of water the Board of Trustees may dispose of the same on special terms for a limited period and for temporary use subject to all the existing obligations of said City to furnish water for domestic use and for irrigation purposes.

SECTION 14. Distribution and time of allotment of water for irrigation purposes shall be under the control of the Water Superintendent.

Every person desiring a run of water for irrigation purposes must register with the Water Superintendent. Such registration shall specify the property and acreage to be covered, may indicate a preference as to time and quantity of water desired, and shall obligate the irrigator to accept water in the quantities so indicated and at such times as the superintendent may direct, subject to the superintendent's right to limit the quantity of water as the supply may require.

SECTION 15. All water meters shall be furnished by the water department without expense and shall remain the property of the City, and shall be maintained, repaired and renewed when unserviceable through fair wear and tear thereof; provided that whenever replacements, repairs, or adjustments of any meter are rendered necessary by any act, negligence or carelessness of the consumer or anyone in privity with him, any expense thereby caused to the department shall be charged against such meter service and collected from the consumer in the same manner as the water rate for such service.

SECTION 16. Upon demand in writing and the deposit of \$1.00 by a consumer he may have his meter examined and tested by the Water Department for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not it is registering correctly. If the meter shall be found to register three (3%) per cent more water than actually passes through it, another meter shall be substituted therefor and the \$1.00 deposit refunded and the water bill for the current month adjusted in such an amount as the Water Superintendent shall deem fair and just; otherwise the deposit shall be retained by the City to pay the expense of testing same.

SECTION 17. When a meter fails to register or registers inaccurately the charge for the month in question shall be based upon an estimate made by the Water Superintendent of the amount of water used through such service.

SECTION 18. Approved check valves shall be installed at the expense of the consumer on the property side of the water meter where necessary for the safety or protection of the water system or appliances thereon.

SECTION 19. No person shall be entitled to a water connection until the owner of the premises shall make application for a service connection on a form provided by the Water Department.

SECTION 20. Applications for connections must be accompanied by a service connection deposit of the amount estimated by the Water Superintendent required to cover the cost of labor and materials plus ten (10%) per cent for administration.

The deposit so required shall be used for installing the necessary service equipment to within the curb line of the property, exclusive of any charge for the meter. Any surplus shall be refunded to the applicant. Any excess cost shall become due and payable by the applicant immediately and no water shall be delivered until payment in full has been made.

SECTION 21. No by-pass or connection between the meter and the main shall be made or maintained except upon written permission of the Superintendent which shall only be given in the case of fire protection or irrigation service. It shall be unlawful to use any such by-pass for any other purpose than that for which it is installed. If used for any other purposes or (save in case of fire) at any other times than allowed by the Water Superintendent there shall be charged and collected for such service amounts equal to double the ordinary charge for water.

SECTION 22. It shall be unlawful for any person to draw water from any city pipes directly into any stationary steam boiler, hydraulic elevator, power pump, or similar apparatus.

SECTION 23. It shall be unlawful for any consumer without the written consent of the water superintendent to supply water to any person, firm or corporation, other than the occupant or occupants of the premises of such consumer, or to permit any unauthorized use of water through any meter installed for the use of such consumer.

SECTION 24. Fire hydrants shall be placed by the Water Department, the cost of which shall be paid out of the general fund or other fund available for that purpose. Fire hydrants shall be maintained, served with water and repaired, when necessary, by the Water Department at the monthly rate of \$2.00 per hydrant; provided that when so ordered by the Board of Trustees such charge shall be made only for hydrants adequate for fire service, but such cost of maintenance and repairs of such hydrants shall be paid out of the general fund or other fund available for that purpose. It shall be unlawful for any person to use fire hydrants for any purpose other than extinguishing fires without a written permit from the Water Superintendent to be issued in his discretion in proper cases.

SECTION 25. All water outlets and all continuous streams of water in use must be shut off promptly upon an alarm of fire being given, and shall not be turned on again until the fire occasioning such alarm shall be extinguished.

SECTION 26. The Water Department of the City of Sierra Madre shall be paid out of the general fund or other available fund at the regular water rates for all water furnished to the City and its various departments; excepting that payment for water used in extinguishing fire shall be deemed included in the fire hydrant rates above specified.

SECTION 27. In case any authorized employee of the Water Department be refused admittance to any premises during reasonable hours, or being admitted shall be hindered or prevented from making an examination of the water fittings or connections the Water Superintendent may cause the water to be turned off from said premises after giving twenty-four hours written notice to the owner or occupant of said premises of his intention so to do in the event of such continued refusal or interference.

SECTION 28. In case of emergency the Water Department shall have the power to turn off water from mains and pipes of the system, without notice. In all other cases the Superintendent shall give reasonable notice of such turning off to consumers likely to be affected.

SECTION 29. It shall be unlawful for any person to open any fire hydrant, stop-cock, gate valve, or to meddle with any street service, water connection, or any water meter attached to any service pipe connected with the water mains or water pipes of the said city, or to turn on or off wa-

ter in any water mains or water pipes of said city, or to tap, break or injure any water main or water pipe of said city laid in any street, avenue, or alley or other public place, or any reservoir of said city or to tap any water service pipe between the point of connection with the said main and the meter placed on such pipe, or to take or draw water from any water main, pipe or hydrant of said city in any manner not authorized by this Ordinance.

SECTION 30. That Ordinance No. 190 of the City of Sierra Madre entitled "An Ordinance of the City of Sierra Madre establishing a water department, water rates and regulations for the use of water" adopted August 27th, 1914, and Ordinance No. 193 of the City of Sierra Madre entitled "An Ordinance of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre amending Ordinance No. 190 of the Ordinances of said City by amending Sections 8, 9, 13 and 27 thereof," adopted March 25th, 1915, and Ordinance No. 210 of the City of Sierra Madre entitled "An Ordinance of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre amending Ordinance No. 190 of the Ordinances of said city as amended by Ordinance No. 193 thereof by amending Section 9 of said Ordinance No. 190," adopted April 13th, 1916, and all other Ordinances and parts of Ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be, and the same are, hereby repealed.

SECTION 31. That any person, firm or corporation, violating any of the provisions of this Ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punishable by fine of not more than One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars or imprisonment for a term not exceeding Fifty (50) days in the City Jail of the City of Sierra Madre or shall be punished by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the Court, and the amount of any charge made by the City of Sierra Madre or said Water Department under the terms of this Ordinance shall be deemed a debt due to the said City of Sierra Madre and the person owing the same shall be liable to an action in the name of the City of Sierra Madre in any Court of competent jurisdiction for the amount of such charge, with costs of suit; and in addition thereto a penalty of Twenty-five (\$25.00) Dollars may be added to the judgment as costs to be collected from the defendant or defendants.

SECTION 32. The City Clerk shall certify to the passage of this Ordinance and its approval by the President of said Board and shall cause the same to be published by one insertion in the Sierra Madre News, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published and circulated in said City of Sierra Madre and the same shall thereupon be in full force and effect on and after the First day of May, 1919.

Adopted and approved this 27th day of March, 1919.

ROBERT MITCHELL,

President of the Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre.

ATTEST:

E. F. BALLOU,

City Clerk of the City of Sierra Madre.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

CITY OF SIERRA MADRE, ss

I, E. F. BALLOU, City Clerk of the City of Sierra Madre, do hereby certify that the foregoing ordinance was duly adopted by the Board of Trustees of the City of Sierra Madre, State of California, and signed by the President of said Board of Trustees at a regular meeting thereof held on the 27th day of March, 1919, and that the same was adopted by the following vote:

AYES: Camp, Tarr, Webster and Mitchell.

NOES: Essick.

ABSENT: None.

IN Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the official seal of the City of Sierra Madre, this 27th day of March, 1919.

(SEAL) E. F. BALLOU,

City Clerk of the City of Sierra Madre.

THE MAJOR SAYS:

Grandpa John Oldboy won a bet the other day by naming seven animals of the Arctic region—five seals and two polar bears.

Deacon Goodnow has changed his seat to the other side of the church. He said the minister preached every sermon right at him and he thought if he changed location the preacher might miss him and hit someone else.

Uncle Si Nosome was in the chair when the barber asked what he would have on his face after the shave. He said, "Well, I hope to have my nose and at least one ear."

THE MAJOR.

The Sierra Madre band will give a concert tonight at the automobile show.

Miss Laura McDaniel is in Long Beach with the family of her cousin, Orlando McDaniel, whose wife died the latter of part of last week.

The Wistaria vine fete will be in full swing next week and arrangements have been made to handle a larger crowd than any former years.

Marshal Udell is about again, after a three-weeks' layoff on account of a minor operation on his face. Members of his family who have also been ill, are about recovered.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Jobaline of Los Angeles entertained with a dinner party Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Margaret Keenan and Miss Monette Wanstrath of Sierra Madre.

The next regular meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the San Gabriel Valley will be held at West Covina club house on Tuesday evening, April 1st at 6:30 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. I. K. Loomis and five daughters, of Garvanza, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lundstrom and daughter, Eunice of Bell, were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Rhodes and family.

F. M. Smith of Los Angeles has purchased the five acre lemon grove at the corner of Sunnyside and Mariposa, on which he is arranging to build a fine residence. A. N. Adams handled the deal.

This clothing drive will probably be the last appeal that the Red Cross will make to you, the last opportunity you will have to relieve suffering through this channel. The need is urgent and immediate. Give something.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Noake were entertained at dinner at the Beverly Hills hotel last Sunday, the guests of Mr. C. D. Pettis, having the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach, also hearing a program by Carrie Jacobs Bond.

Corp. Chas. S. Downe arrived in Sierra Madre Wednesday, mustered out at Camp Kearney Tuesday. He was with the Fifty-fifth ammunition train, Coast Artillery, stationed at Cheffes, France from October until February 8th.

THINK STRAIGHT

This is a time for straight thinking. Make sure the other fellow is not talking drivel. Analyze his thought, don't follow it. He may be suffering with phraseologic hemorrhage. It is epidemic now-a-days like influenza and much more serious.

For instance in regard to the Victory Liberty Loan and these fellows who thumb their vests, frown wisely, and say "Let the banks do it. They are bursting with money." They are talking drivel. It sounds fine but it isn't good sense. Nor is it good economics, which amounts to the same thing.

If the government thought it was wise to "let the banks do it," the government would let them do it. There would be no Victory Liberty Loan in the popular sense. But the government knows better than to let the banks do it.

This is the period of reconstruction right now. It is a period of many possibilities economically. One possibility is industrial depression. One preventative of industrial depression is plenty of money at favorable rates of interest to stimulate private enterprise. That means our banks must not be clogged with government securities. It means that we can't afford to "let the banks do it." The people must do it—do it from their earnings, present and future.

Think straight.

Support the Victory Liberty Loan.

Be Kind Always.

One great trouble with unkind thoughts is that it is so very difficult to keep the only thoughts; sooner or later they find utterance. We may fancy that we are keeping our uncharitable opinions to ourselves, but they are almost certain to express themselves in look or tone, if not in word. The only way to be really kind is to be kind clear through.—Exchange.



DOES THE TIGHT-WAD EXPECT ANYBODY TO BELIEVE HIM WHEN HE SAYS

CALIFORNIA'S WOMEN MUST TEACH NATION

By Mrs. E. R. Brainerd, California State Chairman National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee

Women of California, hark! Our Government comes to us next April with the last Liberty Loan—the Victory Loan.

We women of California have been accorded a place in the affairs of state. We must justify that trust by recording ourselves further as financial factors in the state and nation. Our work must stand out boldly by itself so that all may see that women can actually conduct financial campaigns when the Government calls.



MRS. E. R. BRAINERD

Not only must we do a large share in swinging the Golden State over the top in the Victory Loan, but we must make such a showing that women throughout the nation can point to us and say:

"Women can be all around citizens. It is not theory. The California women proved it in the Victory Liberty Loan."

Let this be our slogan for the next few months: "A hard job but for that reason the best."

It is a challenge.

Women of California, don't fail! Start now.

"At a time when the divisions on its flanks were faltering, and even falling back, the Ninety-first pushed ahead and steadfastly clung to every yard gained."—Official Communique.

The Ninety-first was from the Pacific Coast. Remember those boys in the Victory Liberty Loan.

WHO SAYS IT?

Slogging through the mud of France.

Camping in the rain;
Hiking in a frozen trance
Down some German plain;
"Fall in!"—hear the sergeant yell.
Far from home and clover;
Tell me, who the bally hell
Said the war "was over?"

Chow for breakfast—slum for noon—

Who says men are free
While the bugler's foolish tune
Pipes the reveille?
"Right dress!"—hear the sergeant buzz
From Mainz across to Dover;
Tell me who the hell it wuz
Said the war "was over?"

Cleaning up a mass of wire,

Stained with clotted blood
Where the big trucks bog and mire
In the winter mud;
Full of filth and fleas and fuzz—
Cannoneer and drover,
Tell me who the fat-head wuz
Said the war "was over?"

—Grantland Rice.

Cable the Peace Conference

America's prestige is at stake in the coming Victory Liberty Loan. The eyes of the world are fixed upon us. The nations of the world are going to rate us on this last effort. It is right that they should judge us, not by what we do in the heat of the struggle, but by our condition after the fight.

One of the best guarantees of world peace for years to come would be the successful flotation of the Victory Liberty Loan for five or six billion dollars. Even a combination of powers inclined to start another war would hesitate in the face of such a display of tremendous national strength.

Every man who buys a Victory Liberty Bond next April, moreover, will be adding to the determination with which America speaks at the Peace Conference. There are undoubtedly going to be many moments during that Conference when every whit of the power of the United States will be needed to shape into actualities those ideals for which we entered the world struggle.

Let the cables carry into the Quai d'Orsay this message: "America has oversubscribed her Fifth Liberty Loan by more than a billion dollars."

The Sierra Madre band will give a concert at the automobile show tonight.

For Monday---

Fresh from the
Superior Bakery

Coffee Cake, with Fig Jam, each.....	5c
Jelly Rolls, each.....	15c
Loaf Cakes, assorted, each.....	15c
Layer Cakes, assorted, each.....	15c
Round Layer Cakes, each.....	35c

SPECIAL PRICES FOR SATURDAY ONLY

Caravan Figs, the package.....	25c
Prunes, 2 pounds for.....	25c
Ready Cut Macaroni, 2 pounds for.....	25c
Jap Rice, the pound.....	10c
White Navy Beans, the pound.....	10c

"Cash Beats Credit".

Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.
Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

Perkins & Leddy

The Home of Good Clothes

16 EAST COLORADO PASADENA, CALIF.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Gentlemen of Sierra Madre:

We do not know of a single Sierra Madre customer of our who is not a "repeater" is his dealing with us. That's a good recommendation isn't it? Our store policy is "we insist on perfect satisfaction with every purchase."

You will find in our store an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Our offerings are all dependable goods, tailored to the last minute of mode, cut, and detail. Our prices are less than our metropolitan neighbors, because our "overhead" is less. Our spring goods are on display and if you permit us to outfit you, you may rest assured that you will be properly clothed. Call and look our stock over and we will assure you a saving if you buy.

Perkins & Leddy

Clothiers

16 East Colorado St. Pasadena

WITH OUR CHURCHES

Congregational

"A Community Church"

Chas. C. Wilson, Minister

9:45 Sunday school; 11 a. m. Morning worship and sermon, "Paradise Regained;" 7:30 p. m. Evening service, address, "A Shield Against Bolshevism."

Wednesday, Rev. Robert M. Webster will give the fourth lecture in the series on "Christian Healing." Everyone is invited.

Note—This church is a union church made up of people from a dozen different denominations, but affiliated with the Congregational church for the sake of efficiency. It stands for vital Christianity with toleration for differences of opinion. You are most welcome to share its worship, fellowship and work.

TALKS ON BOLSHEVISM

The most alarming thing on the world's horizon today is undoubtedly Bolshevism. It is sweeping over hungry Europe like a prairie fire. Even the air here in America is full of sparks from it. But how many people know what Bolshevism really is, what it aims to do and what is the best way to deal with it.

It is with these questions in mind that Mr. Wilson has announced an address on "A Shield Against Bolshevism" for next Sunday night at the Congregational church.

Everybody who heard the address last Sunday night on "Woodrow Wilson, Premier of Mankind" were telling their neighbors this week that it was the best thing the dominion has given yet.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra Madre holds services in the Woman's Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m., subject, "Reality."

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8 o'clock p. m.

Church of Ascension

Rev. William Carson Shaw, Rector
Sunday services: Holy communion,

8 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; Morning prayer, 11 a. m.; Evening prayer, 7:30 p. m. Weekday Lenten services: Wednesdays, Litany 10 a. m.; Evening prayer, 7:30; Thursday, Holy Communion, 10 a. m.; Friday, Litany, 10 a. m. Evening prayer 4 p. m.

Bethany

Rev. H. J. Baldwin, Pastor

Sunday Services: Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Morning subject "Real Victory." Evening, "The Greatest International Letter Ever Written."

Woman's Bible Class

Meets each Friday at 2:15 p. m. at residence of Mrs. M. O. Downs, 71 Victoria Lane. All women welcome.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Monday program at the Woman's club furnished a rare treat to those fortunate enough to be present. Mrs. Isabel Garretson Hart of Pasadena, a reader of rare ability, held her audience spellbound as she ably rendered a program of varied excellence. Mrs. Hart's enunciation was perfect, and although most of her selections were exceedingly difficult, they were given with apparent ease and grace. The attendance was exceedingly good and the audience enthusiastic and appreciative.

Hostess for the afternoon were Mrs. Rudolph Hartman and Mrs. Stella Dennison. Mrs. Chas. Norris of Montreal, and Mrs. A. T. Gay presided at the table. Following is the program:

1. The Peanut Object Lesson—James Whitcomb Riley.
2. (a) Little Brown Baby—Dunbar. (b) Da Leetle Boy—Dahy. (c) The Lytle Boy—Field.
3. A Pleasant Half-hour at the Beach—Marjorie Benton Cooke.
4. Macbeth, Act I, scenes I and V.
4. Pauline Parlovia—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.
6. Obstinacy—Anne Peacocke.

The usual by-monthly dance will be

given at the Woman's club house on Friday evening, March 28. There will be good music and the dance lovers of Sierra Madre are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anders of Olympia, Wash., are staying at Mrs. N. L. Beuhring's, 247 San Gabriel Court for this winter.

Government time changes again at 2 o'clock a. m. next Sunday. Before you go to bed tomorrow night turn the clock ahead one hour and it will tell you the correct time Sunday morning—if it did before.

Malcolm Lyon, whose family moved to Los Angeles from this place last month met with a bicycle accident in Los Angeles Sunday and suffered a fractured skull. He will recover and is getting along nicely.

Dr. Cornell, formerly rector of the Church of the Ascension of this place, was visiting here Wednesday. He has just bought a residence in Pasadena and will make that their permanent home.

The Sierra Madre band will give a concert at the automobile show tonight. Its a big show, a good band and all free. Everybody invited.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bergen and two children of Long Beach spent Saturday and Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bergen on Victoria Lane.

Postmaster Morgridge has received official notification that the "old time" postal rates will be resumed July 1. After that date a postal will go for a penny and a letter for two cents. Watch the advertising columns of the News for bargains in 3-cent stamps to close out.

Local news will be found on every page of the News this week. Read it all or you will likely miss the very item in which you are interested. Two ordinances, passed by the city trustees last night, which just had to go in the paper this week together with a big ad for the Standard Oil Co., both coming in at the last minute made this change in the usual make-up of the paper necessary.

Saturday Specials
in
Groceries

Fowler's Brand Sugar Peas, 18c; two for.....	35c
Armour Brand Solid Pack Tomato, 2 1-2 lb. can 18c; 2 for.....	35c
Armour Brand Puree Tomatoes, 2 1-2 lb. can 13c; 2 for.....	25c
Armour Brand Olives, 8 oz. can 13c; 2 for.....	25c
White Rose Potatoes, 9 pounds for.....	25c
Green Peas, Asparagus, Tomatoes Fresh Every Saturday Morning.	
Pasadena Biscuit Co. Blue Stem Bread per loaf.....	10c
No delivery after 6 p. m.	

OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

C. M. Nomura

Fruits and Vegetables

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

The War and Your Gasoline

The first of a series of three statements

For obvious reasons the following facts of interest to the public could not be published during the war. They affected a vital war necessity regarding which the Government required secrecy. But now that the war is won, we are at liberty to make the following statement of facts:

Highly volatile gasoline for fighting aeroplanes was one of the war needs. The output of this special gasoline by all the refineries east of the Rocky Mountains was not enough, so California was called upon to furnish a large part of the supply. At the request of the United States Government the Pacific Coast Petroleum War Service Committee apportioned California's quota among such of the large refiners as were able to make this special gasoline.

The Standard Oil Company, being the largest of these, had the greatest quota to fill. We were glad to do our part. We supplied more than our quota of aviation gasoline.

Aeroplane engines, operating high in the air under conditions of extreme cold and rarefied atmosphere, require a different gasoline from engines operating on the ground. In fact, the needs are so special that the gasoline manufactured for aeroplane use (often used at altitudes of from 20,000 to 25,000 feet) would be utterly indifferent for use in automobile or other internal-combustion engines operated on land or sea.

Aviation gasoline has to be highly volatile. It must vaporize rapidly even in the extreme cold of very high alti-

tudes. On its rapid vaporization alone must often depend the lives of the men in the aeroplane. This gasoline would not be good for general use. It would lack power on the ground, its loss in storage by evaporation would be great, and it would be expensive.

Making aviation gasoline for the Government took a very considerable part of the low boiling point or highly volatile constituents of the crude oil, and, as a result, the gasoline left available for regular use lacked those qualities which assure easy starting of the automobile engine.

The Government's demand for aviation gasoline reached its maximum in the late fall of 1918, and then for a period of about six weeks the deficiency of Red Crown gasoline in low boiling-point constituents or easy-starting qualities was most apparent.

Now that the war is won and the great demand for aviation gasoline has ceased, we are again able to offer the same grade of Red Crown gasoline as formerly, with the same full and continuous chain of boiling points—from the low to the high—which is necessary for easy starting, quick and smooth acceleration, high power and long mileage.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(California)



The Thirteenth Commandment

By
RUPERT HUGHES

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

A SHOT FIRED IN FARAWAY SERBIA BRINGS SUDDEN DISASTER TO BAYARD.

Synopsis.—Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Daphne goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau. Daphne's brother, Bayard, has just married and left for Europe with his bride, Leila. Daphne and her mother install themselves in Bayard's flat. Daphne meets Tom Duane, man-about-town, who seems greatly attracted to her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Bayard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly. The three women set out on a shopping excursion and the two younger women buy expensive gowns, having them charged to Bayard. Bayard is furious over the expense, seeing hard times ahead. Daphne, indignant, declares she will earn her own living and breaks her engagement with Clay. Through an introduction by Duane, Daphne induces Reben, a theatrical magnate, to give her a position in one of his companies. Her first rehearsal is a fiasco, but Reben, at Duane's request, gives her another chance. Sudden illness of Miss Kemble, the star, gives Daphne her chance, but her acting is a dismal failure. She is consoled by Tom Duane. Daphne turns to Clay and they plan to be married, but the following day, as a result of the hard times, Clay's salary is cut in half and they are forced to abandon their plans.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

It was thus that he had made himself important enough to advance rapidly in his firm. And he had put a large share of his salary every week into a savings bank. With his extra commissions and bits of unexpected luck he had bought securities of impregnable value. These he had locked away in a safe-deposit vault. They paid him only four or five percent, but they were as sure as anything mundane. And twice a year they granted him the lofty emotion of the coupon cutter.

He had paid cash for what merchandise he bought and demanded special discounts for it. In time the many mickles made a muckle. He had five thousand dollars' worth of bonds in his safe deposit box.

And then he married—pawed himself at the marriage shop. He kept his hoard a secret from Leila.

Now he saw a chance to use the talents that he had buried in a napkin.

He filled the cars of Clay and Daphne with his market jargon. He was as unintelligible to Daphne as a mad Scot talking golfese.

"Look at Q. & O.," he would say; "sold at eighty-five a year ago. Friend of mine bought it. People who were in the know said it was going up. It ought to have gone up, but it didn't. Dropped slowly and sickeningly to forty-three. Today it is forty-six. If I had gone into the market the other day with five thousand dollars and snapped it up at forty-three I'd have cleaned up three hundred and a half in no time."

"First catch your five thousand dollars," said Clay.

"I've caught it," said Bayard. "I've had it all along."

"You have?" Clay groaned. "If I'd known that I'd have borrowed it to get married on."

"Not in a million years," said Bayard. "When I've made a killing with this money I'll make you all a present, but you couldn't pry this out of me with a crowbar. I wish I knew where to borrow more. If you can raise any money, Clay, don't you spend it in matrimony. A fellow can get married any time, but it's only once in ten years that you can climb aboard a market after a panic and ride in with the tide."

He went to his safe deposit vault, took out his bonds, carried them to the vice president of his bank, and borrowed all that he could raise on the securities. The bonds had fallen below par on account of the depression, but Bayard was granted 80 percent of their face value, minus 30 days' discount at 5 per cent.

His anemic bank account was suddenly swollen by three thousand nine hundred and seventy-nine dollars and eighteen cents.

He sought out a broker, a college friend whom he could trust, to advise him honestly. They conferred on the stocks to buy. The old dilemma could not be escaped: those that offered the most profit offered the most risk. To buy on margins was further danger with promise of further profit.

Yet, after all, Bayard felt, to buy outright, however wise, was tame. Even if he doubled his money he would have only eight thousand in place of his four. And eight thousand was no fortune.

The question of what stocks to bet on was a thrilling one, requiring a long war council, but at length the disposition was made and he gave his broker the command to go forward.

The market crept up and up. Bayard turned his profits back into his speculation. He was growing rich. He was planning works of lavish charity, works of art, the purchase of a great reserve fund of securities.

Some years before, when President Taft was inaugurated, every omen was fine. The weather bureau promised fair weather. There was not a hint of storm anywhere upon the continent. And then a blizzard "backed in" from the ocean and played havoc with the throngs. So upon the era of

good feeling and democratic equality and civilized peace the European war backed in from nowhere.

A young man from Serbia shot a hard duke of Austria, and the world heard of Sarajevo for the first time, but not the last. The bullet that slew the Austrian heir multiplied itself as by magic into billions of missiles. A young shoemaker from Bavaria, to his great surprise, killed an old Belgian schoolteacher he had never heard of. The schoolteacher fell into a ditch still clasping his umbrella. The shoemaker moaned on with a strange appetite for shooting.

Refugees in hordes filled the roads with a new Pharaonic exodus. So many children plodded along in hungry flight that Herod might have been hunting down the innocents again.

With the moral cataclysm went a financial earthquake. The European exchanges flung their doors shut. The American exchanges tried to keep their shop windows open, but had to close them down.

Bayard Kip was among the first casualties. Before he could put in a stop order his margins were gone. He had said that prices, having struck bottom, could go no lower. Now the bottom itself was knocked out.

Prices stopped falling at last because of the closing of the markets. Europe established a general moratorium. America established one of sentiment. Everybody owed somebody else, and everybody gave tolerance because everybody needed it.

Night fell on the commercial world, a night illumined by horrors unknown before. Bayard's factory could not meet even its diminished pay roll. The president of the concern could not borrow a penny at the bank of which he was a director. The factory shut down, sending all its workmen into the hordes of the unemployed. The office forces were reduced to a minimum and the salaries of the minimum further reduced. Clay was thrown out of even his half-job and Bayard was put on half-pay.

Bayard's sober thoughts concerned themselves with extricating himself from the wreckage. It was not possible to debarass himself of everything. He could not give up his expensive apartment. It was leased for a year and a half more. He could not dismiss his expensive wife; she was leased for ninety-nine years. He could not give up his character, his costly tastes, his zeal for front, the maintenance of a good facade.

The instinct of lovable bluff was seen in his telegram to Leila. He wanted her at home to comfort him, now that he had no business for her to hamper. Besides, he could not afford to keep her at Newport. Out of his ominously small funds he telegraphed her a liberal sum to pay her bills and her railroad fare and parlor car fare. He met her and found her astonishingly beautiful in her millionaire uniform.

He felt like the pauper who received a white elephant for a present. But she was gorgeous in her trappings. They embraced with mutual approval. He laughed:

"I was going to begin economy by cutting out the taxi business, but I couldn't carry a Cleopatra like you in the subway. You look like all the money in the world. And you're worth it." In the taxicab he crushed her to him again in a dismal ecstasy and sighed gayly: "You're too grand for me, honey. I'm busted higher than a kite. You didn't bring home any change, of course."

"I did better than that," she beamed, and, being married to him, made no bones about bending and disclosing one entire silk stocking most elegantly repleted. It was transparent, translucent, indeed, like gossamer over marble, and of a sapling symmetry except for one unsightly knob which she deftly removed and placed in the hand of Bayard.

He did not need to glance at his palm to tell that it was full of banknotes.

"What's all this?" he said.

And she, prim and proper again, chortled. "That's the money you telegraphed me to pay my bills with."

"But—"

"This is no time to pay bills."

"You're a genius," he said.

And she was, in her way.

When they were at home again he told her of his ruinous speculations. She did not reproach him. She was gambler enough to thrill at the high chance, and sportsman enough not to blame him for losing his stakes.

"Don't you worry!" she said, from his lap, as from a dais. "We'll be rich yet. You mustn't imagine anything else. There's everything in thinking a thing is going to happen. I'm too sensitive to be a Christian Scientist about pain, but I am one about good luck. You must just tell yourself that you're going to come out all right and you will."

"And we must keep up appearances so that other people will believe in us. It's the only way, too, to keep your credit good. I learned that at Newport. People who are people up there never pay their bills. That's why they get trusted everywhere, and have plenty of cash. Their creditors don't dare insult 'em or sue 'em. The only people who get sued are the poor little dubs that pay cash most of the time and then ask to be trusted when they're hard up."

Bayard had rebuked Leila for spending money on clothes and on amusements. But she had had the fun; she still had the clothes; and where were the fruits of his years of self-denial? Where were his hoarded earnings? His few bonds were irredeemably in pawn. And on the roads of Belgium and East Prussia myriads of wretches who had kept thrift and banded their houses were staggering along in hungry penury, fugitive from shattered homes and wondering about the next day's bread.

CHAPTER XV.

Bayard tried Leila's recipe for a time, but there were expenses that he could not charge, and even the wad of money she had smuggled out of Newport did not last long. Other people were no more willing to pay bills than he. Monies that were owed to him he could not collect. He could not retort



She Ran to Her Father and Flung Her Arms About Him.

spond to the multitudinous appeals for charity. This was a real shame in times of such frantic needs. He could not do any of the honorable, pleasant things that one can do with money. He had to do many of the dishonorable, loathsome things one without money must do.

In his desperation Bayard's thoughts reverted to his original rescuer, his father. He never appealed to the old man in vain. Bayard had often promised himself the delight of sending home a big check as a subtraction from his venerable debt. But it was a promise easy to defer, in the face of all the other temptations and opportunities. His father never pressed him, never expected a return of the money he had been investing in the boy. For a child is a piece of furniture bought on the instalment plan to go into somebody's else house as soon as it is paid for.

Bayard put off the appeal to his father as long as he dared, but at last sat down to the hateful letter.

He hated to trouble his poor old dad at such a time (he wrote with truth), but his very life depended on raising some immediate money. He was young and husky and he would be on his feet in a jiffy. He would pay back every cent in a short while, even if he had to borrow it of some one else. Anyway, in a few weeks the panicky conditions would be over and business would return to the normal.

He knew, he wrote, that "Old Reliable

Kip" could perform his usual miracle and get blood from some of those Cleveland turnips.

He was so sure of his father that he ended his letter with an advance payment of thanks. This was the first payment he had made in advance for a long time.

He sealed the letter, put a special delivery stamp on it, and took it to the branch post office so that it would reach Cleveland without fail the next morning.

When he got back to the house there was a telegram from home.

"Leaving beaver due tomorrow a.m., don't meet me but be home must see you important mamma well love."

"FATHER."

The next morning Bayard rose betimes to meet his father at the train. And Daphne went to the Grand Central station with him. She ran to her father and flung her arms about him, and Bayard hugged him and carried his suitcase for him. It was no time to be tipping a porter. Nor to be making use of taxicabs with the jitney subway at hand. Bayard lugged his father's suitcase along Fifty-ninth street. The hall boy, who had not been tipped for some days, observed a strict neutrality. He was feeling the pinch, too.

When breakfast was ended Wesley noted that Leila herself carried the dishes away, with Daphne's help. When the table was clear she closed the door on the two men and said:

"We'll leave you two alone to talk business."

The two men regarded each other askance, as uneasily as two wrestlers circling for a hold. Wesley was the first to speak. He said:

"Well, my boy?"

"I wrote you a long letter last night, dad," Bayard said.

"You did? What about?"

Bayard had guessed the situation; he saw the cruel joke of it. He thought he could dull the edge with mockery. He snickered, rather cravenly:

"I wrote to ask you to lend me some money. I guess I wasted the postage."

"And I guess I wasted the fare over here. I thought I oughtn't have taken a berth in the sleeper, but your mother insisted—said I'd not been feelin' any too well."

Bayard laughed outright—a laugh wet with vinegar tears.

Wesley sank into a chair with the little whimper of a sick old man.

Bayard went to his father and put his arm about him and regretted his Wall street disaster with a ferocious remorse. He could not speak, and there was a long dumbness before Wesley sighed:

"I guess we got to lose the home, then."

That "then" was a history in a word.

Bayard bent his head in shame at his helplessness. As usual, it was Wesley who found a shabby comfort in the situation—found it for his son.

"Don't you think anything more about it, my boy. I'm kind of relieved." He giggled with a pitiful senility. "I been so ashamed at traipsin' over here to bother you instead of rushin' over to help you like I ought to—being your father—that I'm kind of glad you can't help me. I got no right to add to your troubles. I'm supposed to take care of you."

Bayard kept groaning:

"To lose your home! To think of you losing your home! And me standing by!"

"Why, it's nothing, Bayard. After all, we're not in Belgium. We've got friends. And relations. There's no danger of anything happening to us."

Daphne and Leila overheard this conversation while listening in the hall.

Daphne clung to Leila and buried her face in Leila's bosom to smother her frenzied grief. Leila, mopping Daphne's cheek with her own handkerchief, caught the glint of a diamond on her finger. It glistened like a great, immortal tear.

It inspired her with a new hope. She had often consoled herself with the thought of her jewels as a final refuge, but she had put off the evil day. Now she felt that the time had come. She threw open the door and spoke into the gloom with a voice of seraphic beauty:

"I couldn't help hearing what you were saying. You needn't be downhearted, though, for I've just thought of a way to help daddy out." He was "daddy" to her also.

Bayard and Wesley turned and stared at her in amazement. She went on in a kind of ecstasy.

"My rings!" she cried. "Don't you see! My diamonds and rubies! And I've got a necklace or two, and some chains and brooches. They're worth a lot of money. And you're welcome to 'em, daddy."

The men were confused with too many emotions to know what to feel, much less what to say. Leila's mission was so divinely meant that it was sacrilege to receive it with reluctance. And yet for Wesley to let this new daughter-in-law pawn her trinkets for him was post-graduate humiliation.

The end of it was that Bayard de-

manded the melancholy privilege of visiting the pawnshop himself. Leila made a heap of her adornments. Last of all she took from her neck the little plaque of diamonds frosting a platinum filigree.

He kissed her mournfully and hurried away to the pawnshop. He skulked in and out like a burglar, and he brought away a pack of tickets and a lump of money. The pawnbroker apologized for lending him less than half the value of the gems; so many people were looking to the pawnbrokers for salvation, he said, that he could not find cash enough for all. Times were hard indeed when the pawnbrokers were overworked.

Bayard went home and surrendered to Leila her funds. She passed them over to her father-in-law. Poor Wesley peeled off the minimum that would serve as a sop to his creditors and said he would take the afternoon train home.

CHAPTER XVI.

Daphne had watched Leila's little scene with as much confusion as the other two Kips. She felt a normal amount of jealousy, of course, as woman to woman, but no more than a healthy amount, for she liked Leila and she was grateful to Leila for being able to rescue her father and for being willing to do it. It was a fine thing for Leila to strip herself of her last splendor to help an old father-in-law pay the interest on a mortgage on a house in another town. Daphne gave Leila full meed of applause for that.

What embittered Daphne was that it had to be Leila and not herself that saved her father, and that Leila had to do the deed by spending things she had not paid for herself—ornaments, gawgaws, gifts.

Leila had collected from life perhaps three thousand dollars' worth of jewels and Daphne had collected a fifty-dollar check, framed—and that check was in lieu of work. As soon as she remembered that check she ran up to her room and took it down from the wall, ripped off the back of the frame and removed the check from the mat.

She studied it and thought, "The first money and the last." Then a vigor and determination clenched all her muscles in a kind of lockjaw. She came out of the spasm in a tremor of hysterical faith. She spoke her thought aloud in a fury: "It shan't be the last, it shan't, it shan't, by golly!"

The feebleness of the expletive disgusted her. She tried to be powerful by way of powerful language. Before she knew it she ripped out a resounding oath that would have pleased good Queen Bess. "By G—, I'll pay my way!"—honestly! like a man!

All her powder exploded in that one detonation.

She fell over into a chair in horror. The blasphemy seemed to rattle about the little room. It terrified her. Mrs. Chivvis ran down the hall, carrying her everlasting sewing, and tapped on the door and asked:

"Did you call me, my dear? Are you ill?"

"No, thank you. I'm all right. I didn't say anything."

That was doubly false. She had said something. In the slang of the hour she had "said something." She had "said an awful," also a heartfelt.

Mrs. Chivvis supposed that what she had heard was some voice from the street, and went back along the hall, stitching as she walked.

Daphne took the check and went down to Bayard's apartment. Bayard was on his way to the pawnbroker's. Leila was in his room. Old Wesley sat in a chair facing a wall. He seemed to see through it. Daphne went to him and put the check in his hand, explaining what it was.

"It's all I ever earned, daddy, and I want you to have it."

He looked at it and smiled and tears fairly shot out of his eyes. He patted her hand between his and said:

"Why, honey, I couldn't take your poor little earnings! Not for anything in this world."

"Please, daddy; it would make me ever so happy!"

"But it would kill me! You don't want to do that, do you? You must spend it on yourself. Buy yourself something nice with it."

Daphne becomes a real "working girl," and she experiences some of the trials that beset the path of the working girl in a city like New York. Go on with the story in the next issue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Canadian Money Orders.

Canadian money orders are issued on blanks of various denominations, each with the amount of money for which the order is issued printed on it. A lady living in Ontario, sending a bunch of 30-cent money orders to make up a remittance to a Boston firm, apologizes thus: "I apologize for all these post office orders. It seems that the local postmaster got in a stock six years ago, and the 30-cent orders were the slowest to sell. He has no others on hand now."

Household Work Savers.

Use plenty of newspapers about the kitchen, spreading them on the floor when anything is likely to spatter. It is easier to gather them up than to clean up. If there is a kitchen range not in use in the summer time it is well to prevent dampness and rust. If the kitchen has but a gas range, then a good-sized waste basket should be kept and the papers disposed of in whatever way is best.

MOTHERS TO BE

Should Read Mrs. Monahan's Letter Published by Her Permission.

Mitchell, Ind.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me so much during the time I was looking forward to the coming of my little one that I am recommending it to other expectant mothers. Before taking it, someday I suffered with neuralgia so badly that I thought I could not live, but after taking three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was entirely relieved of neuralgia, I had gained in strength and was able to go around and do all my housework. My baby when seven months old weighed 19 pounds and I feel better than I have for a long time. I never had any medicine do me so much good."

—MRS. PEARL MONAHAN, Mitchell, Ind.

Good health during maternity is a most important factor to both mother and child, and many letters have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., telling of health restored during this trying period by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Clear Your Skin While You Sleep with Cuticura

All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. E, Boston."

SUPERSTITION HARD TO DOWN

Quaint Belief in Reference to Wedding Customs That Prevail in This and Other Countries.

There are more superstitions in reference to the marriage ceremony than in reference to any other in common life. They refer to such matters as the clothes to be worn by the bride, to the year, month and day of the wedding. In Sweden it is believed that if a girl is fond of cats she will not be an old maid. We should expect the opposite.

One of our proverbs says that it is ill luck for a bride to see her face in a glass by candle. Another that a wedding feast postponed bodes bad luck.

Bees must be told of a wedding and get some of the cake. The pins used in the dress of the bride at her wedding must be all thrown away; if retained by the bridesmaids they will not marry before Whit Sunday. A girl must beware of being three times a bridesmaid, for she never will be a bride.

It augurs ill for a wedding if a bride does not weep profusely. No witch can shed more than three tears, and those from her left eye only. A copious flood of tears gives assurance to the husband that the lady has not plighted her troth to Satan and is no witch.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Timely Advice.

"Auntie, I'm studying now about the least common multiple."

"That's right, my child. Always go in for whatever is least common."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Superbeing.

The Commandant—Implicit obedience to those in authority is demanded of all, even the highest among us.

The Cadet—I get you, sir. The commander in chief is a married man.

Oil and truth are bound to come to the top some time.

As always—food will play a big part

"As a man eats, so is he."

Grape-Nuts

a food for body and brain

(Contains the building phosphates of the grain)

"There's a Reason"

Weekly Health Talks

URIC ACID IN THE SYSTEM

BY LEE H. SMITH, M. D.

Uric acid is now generally recognized as the cause of more diseases than was heretofore believed. When the kidneys are out of order uric acid accumulates within the body in superabundance. The disordered kidneys do not filter the poisons out of the blood, as they ought to do, and so the poisons remain in the blood and float around until they find a place to lodge, in form of urate salts. The thing to remember is that you may have rheumatism in any part of the body—you may have pains anywhere—your back may ache and your head may be dizzy—but the trouble is not where the pain appears.

The trouble is in the kidneys, and what is the first thing to do? You must get that excess uric acid out of your system, which can be done by taking Anuric Tablets, the splendid remedy which Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has put on sale in the drug stores at a low price. Anuric Tablets (made double strength), when taken into the system as medicine, have the peculiar power of dissolving the uric acid deposited there. Drop a bit of sugar or salt into hot water, and it will disappear. In precisely the same way do these Anuric Tablets dissolve uric acid.

Of course, after ridding the system of uric acid, it may return again unless you eat the right foods and live the right kind of life, but Dr. Pierce will advise you fully on proper food and correct living if you write and ask him. He makes no charge for such advice. Take Anuric Tablets today, by all means, and get that uric acid out of your system. Don't, don't, don't, put the matter off.

The Pessimist's Dread.

"He's an awful pessimist."
"What's the matter now?"
"Growling about the pleasant winter we are having."
"What does he see in this winter to find fault with?"
"Says he can't help worrying about what the price of ice is going to be next summer."

Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes.
That itch and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, especially if a little of the fragrant Cuticura Talcum is dusted on at the finish. 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

The Idea.

"I conduct my piano business on strictly Christian principles."
"How do you mean?"
"My stock is both upright and square."

The cucumber is one of the oldest of cultivated vegetables. It has been cultivated in India for 3,000 years.

PHYSICIAN WAS IN SERIOUS CONDITION

Dr. Farnsworth Gives Doan's Credit for His Wonderful Recovery.

Dr. T. G. Farnsworth, 76 S. Kana-wha St., Buckhannon, W. Va., retired physician of over forty years' experience, ex-State Congressman, ex-City Mayor and ex-County Health Officer, praises Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is Dr. Farnsworth's experience as he tells it: "It was just a few years after my retiring from practicing medicine that I found I was afflicted with severe disorder of the kidneys and bladder. I grew steadily worse, and sometimes I was unable to get around at all. The kidney secretions were retarded and so painful in passing I would cry out in misery. I was in a frightful condition. After I had lost hope in other remedies, Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention and I tried them. I soon noticed a change for the better. I used several boxes and they cured me completely. Never in my practice did I know a remedy that would accomplish what Doan's Kidney Pills did, and I give them my heartiest endorsement."



Dr. Farnsworth

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

DON'T CUT OUT A Shoe Boil, Capped Hock or Bursitis

FOR ABSORBINE

will reduce them and leave no blemishes. Stops lameness promptly. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Book 6 & free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Both Beef and Milk

THE one breed that excels in both beef and milk is the Short-horn. Short-horn steers repeatedly broke the records at the markets in 1918, making the highest record on the open market of \$20.50 per cwt. And Short-horn cows have milk records of over 17,000 lbs. per year. It's the farmer's breed, having extra scale, quality and quiet temperament.

Bronchial Troubles
Soothe the irritation and you relieve the distress. Do both quickly and effectively by using promptly a dependable remedy—

PISO'S

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

SCOUT AID ON "FOOL HILL"

Someone has said that the Boy Scout movement is the best thing ever invented to help get a boy over "Fool Hill." There is a time in a boy's life, and from twelve to eighteen years is the period, when "Fool Hill" generally makes its advent and is most conspicuous.

During this period scouting furnishes the guide posts. We all know that boys like to run in gangs. The scout troop fills the boy's natural desire for companionship.

Take such a gang or troop and divert its energy from breaking windows, robbing orchards, fighting other boys and similar mischief to swimming, first aid, boating, camping, hiking, scoutcraft and the like, and you are converting natural energy into a valuable asset, giving the boy a desire for useful information and making of him a potential citizen whose value to the country is beyond estimate.

DAN BEARD TO THE SCOUTS.

President Wilson has told the boy scouts to locate all the black walnut trees and also to save all the peach stones and nut shells we can, says Scout Commissioner Dan Beard. That is easy, but look here, boys, don't forget what the chief told you about planting nuts. November is the time to plant walnuts, hickory nuts and butternuts.

Let us emulate the example of dear old Johnny Appleseed, the old pioneer who planted apple trees all through the western wilderness of the Ohio valley. Johnny has monuments standing to him still in some of the apple trees which he planted a good many years ago.

We will have monuments standing for us in magnificent big black walnut trees, hickory nut trees and butternut trees which we are thoughtful enough to plant this autumn before all the big walnut trees are cut down and the plant exterminated in order to furnish gun stocks and propellers for our flying machines.

Don't forget now, boys, each scout should plant at least five black walnuts.

SIGN TALK FOR BOY SCOUTS.

Ernest Thompson Seton describes his new book "Sign Talk," as "a universal signal code without apparatus, for use in the army, navy, camping, hunting and daily life."

Besides giving 1,200 signs in use among the Plains Indians, Mr. Seton adds some of those used by the deaf in Europe and America, and also a great many that all of us use in everyday life, often without realizing it. The American Plains Indian is undoubtedly the best sign talker the world knows today. Mr. Seton carried his manuscript from one Indian tribe to another, seeking always the best sign talkers among them, verifying his work and collecting new signs, always from first hand sources. Mr. Seton further interprets the sign talk with seven hundred drawings from his own pen. General Hugh L. Scott helped in the work of compilation.

TROOP MEET WITHOUT JOLTS.

Anyone who has driven over corduroy roads in a lumber wagon has observed that it is less comfortable than driving a high-class touring car over asphalt pavements.

Any scoutmaster who has attempted to lead a poorly organized troop through a crudely planned meeting, hike, or camp, has had a jolting which he might have avoided by laying out his course with greater skill.

A troop meeting may be as full of bumps as a corduroy road or it may work as smoothly as the drive that flattened the St. Mihiel salient. It depends upon the plan and the man behind it.

BELGIAN SCOUTS REBUILDING.

The Boy Scouts of Belgium are working to help rebuild their stricken homes and cities. Robert Lutens, secretary of the Belgian Boy Scouts' organization, who reached an Atlantic port on a British liner, brought the story.

"There were 6,000 of the boys in our organization just before the war," he said. "Many were killed brutally by the Germans in that ghastly first month."

"They were shot down when they served as stretcher bearers, and they were shot on other occasions without the slightest provocation. We have got the survivors together and they are trained for the reconstruction work."

DOINGS OF THE BOY SCOUTS.

Forty boy scouts were employed at the government proving grounds at Camp Perry, near Clinton, O., all summer. The smaller boys were store boys, errand boys, etc.

In Springfield, Mass., the city had great difficulty, because of the labor shortage, in keeping leaves out of well-holes and sewer catch basins during rainy days, and suggested that the boy scouts, who have shown their public spirit frequently, would be of material assistance in this work.

COMB SAGE TEA IN FADED OR GRAY HAIR

If Mixed with Sulphur it Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and attractive with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, all ready to use, at very little cost. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—it's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a comb or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and beautiful.—Adv.

Placing the Goat.

A boss barber, who has a shop in a downtown skyscraper and a caustic tongue, but who has a poor memory for faces, "got his" the other day, to the delight of his assistants and the amusement of several customers.

He had just shaved a man whom he had not recollected having ever seen before and with an eye to more business said:

"Don't you want your hair trimmed? It looks in spots as if it had been chewed off by a goat."

"I kinder think so myself," replied the customer, "but I didn't expect to hear you say so. You cut it yourself."—Detroit Free Press.

STOP LUMBAGO PAIN, RUB BACKACHE AWAY

Instant relief! Limber up! Rub pain, soreness, stiffness right out with "St. Jacob's Liniment."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or neuritis has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacob's Liniment" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into the pain or ache, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

Don't stay crippled! This soothing, penetrating liniment takes the ache and pain right out and ends the misery. It is magical, yet absolutely harmless and doesn't burn or discolor the skin. Nothing else stops lumbago, sciatica and lame back misery so promptly and surely. It never disappoints!—Adv.

Handsomely Equipped.

"King Solomon was the wisest of men."

"Yes," replied the press agent.

"And resplendent in his entertainments."

"Yes."

"And most felicitous in his epigrams."

"Yes. It's very evident that in addition to other advantages he had a highly energetic and discreet publicity department."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1928.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surface of the System. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

A Sense of Humor.

Mrs. Fethered could hardly contain herself until her husband came home, to tell him the excruciating joke on the janitor.

"He's just found out why we had no heat in the flat last winter," she chirped as she met her husband at the door.

"Why?" asked Fethered.

"He wanted to burn some papers this morning and discovered there's no furnace in the building."

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

The world's census of sheep runs to well over 450,000,000.

"CALLUS CORNS" LIFT RIGHT OFF

Doesn't hurt! Lift any corn or callus off with fingers



Don't suffer! A tiny bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at any drug store. Apply a few drops on the corns, calluses and "hard skin" on bottom of feet, then lift them off.

When Freezone removes corns from the toes or calluses from the bottom of feet, the skin beneath is left pink and healthy and never sore, tender or irritated.

Twelve Little Rabbits.

Twelve glass-eyed rabbits Thrown in a heap Upon a grocer's outdoor shelf. They have given their lives That you and I Might live for a day longer To enjoy the beauties And the pleasures Of a world Now closed to them forever. And we? We show our gratitude By saying: "Confoundedly tough little beasts, Aren't they?"—Harvey Peake, in Philadelphia Record.

SWAMP-ROOT FOR KIDNEY AILMENTS

There is only one medicine that really stands out pre-eminent as a medicine for curable ailments of the kidneys, liver and bladder.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proven to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of distressing cases. Swamp-Root makes friends quickly because its mild and immediate effect is soon realized in most cases. It is a gentle, healing vegetable compound.

Start treatment at once. Sold at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Dramatic Vengeance.

"Do you think there's any chance for me to buy one of 'em tanks?" asked Farmer Cobbles.

"Why, I don't know. What in the world do you want with a tank?"

"I'm tired of these road hogs in big touring cars crowdin' my flivver into ditches. I'd like to jog down the road a piece in a tank, just to see what would happen."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night, your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed up with a cold or nasty catarrh.—Adv.

Practical Girl.

He (ecstatically)—I could die for you.

She—Goodness! I hope you won't think of such a thing until after we are married and I have the right to inherit.—Boston Transcript.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 3/4 oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Adv.

Heard This One—Lately?

"Ladetz and gent'men. I shall now sing you that mournful little ditty entitled, 'Mother's Hair Has Turned to Silver Since Father Lost His Gold.'"

Your Eyes

A Wholesome, Cleansing, Refreshing and Healing Lotion—Murine for Redness, Soreness, Granulation, Itching and Burning of the Eyes or Eyelids; "2 Drops" After the Movies, Motoring or Golf will win your confidence. Ask Your Druggist for Murine when your Eyes Need Care. 30c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE PROUD COAL

"I don't like to boast," said one piece of coal, "but still it is hard not to boast this winter."

"I find it hard every winter not to boast," said a second piece of coal.

"That is so," said the first piece of coal, "but it is harder as the winters go by. Now last winter I had the hardest time of all to keep from boasting."

"Why last winter, especially?" asked the second piece of coal.

"Last winter," said the first piece of coal in a deep, black voice, "we were very scarce. Folks had all they could do to get us. They were very often short of coal, and when we arrived anywhere we were very much appreciated. Yes, I've heard the ancestors talking about it."

"What are ancestors?" asked the second piece of coal.

"Ancestors," said the first piece of coal, "are things that go before us."

"I see," said the second piece of coal, "we'd call horses ancestors because they go before wagons. And we'd call the handle-bars of bicycles ancestors because they go before the children which ride them."

"Ha, ha, ha, not at all," said the first piece of coal.

"Why not?" asked the second piece of coal. "I think that I understood you quickly and smartly."

"But you didn't understand me," said the first piece of coal.

"Why not?" asked the second piece of coal. "I'm sure I don't know why not, but I know that you did not understand me and that you don't now."

"Then you must surely explain."

"I will. When folks talk about their ancestors, which, by the way, they're very apt to do, especially if they have had great and noble ancestors and want to boast, and think that they don't have to do anything but brag,



Poems Are Written About Us.

Instead of having to live up to their ancestors; they mean the people who have gone before them, who are of their own family.

"For instance, a little boy's grandfather and his great grandfather and his grandmother and his great grandmother and those people of his family who came before him—they are all his ancestors."

"Well," said the second piece of coal, "we haven't any coal grandfathers."

"That is true," said the first piece of coal, "but I spoke of our ancestors meaning the coal which was around last winter, I am sorry if I mixed you up at all."

"I'll forgive you," said the second piece of coal. "I am glad to know what ancestors are. But I don't think they are as nice as roaring fires. Now if we had ancestors and could choose them ourselves I'd pick out furnaces and coal fires."

"That's a good idea," said the first piece of coal, "but of course ancestors are never chosen. We can't choose those who go before us, and besides the furnaces and the coal fires don't go before us. They go with us. They wouldn't do for ancestors anyway."

"Maybe not," said the second piece of coal, "but let us pretend they would. It's such a pleasant thought to be related to a furnace fire."

"That's so," said the first piece of coal. "As we can't have ready-made ancestors, and as we can't have any really at all, we might as well have some make-believe ones. But I was going to tell you what made it particularly hard for me to keep from boasting this year."

"Oh yes, tell me," said the second piece of coal.

"Well, you know that we're always appreciated and liked in the winter. We were scarce last year and we're rather scarce this year, so we're loved better than ever. Last year there were pictures drawn with coal as the most important thing in the picture, but oh, piece of coal, I have just heard that there have been two poems written about us. Yes, we've been written about in verse or verses, telling how valuable and fine and how much needed we were."

"That's surely enough to make it almost impossible to keep from boasting. To think, oh to think, that poems were written about us. Ah," ended the second piece of coal, "I believe I could almost write one myself. I would say something like this, 'Oh coal, bless my soul.'"

"Ha, ha," laughed the first piece of coal, "that's not much like the real poems written about us, but it will do, too!"

A Valuable Habit

Is that of being on time. It has made reputation for thousands. A good watch costs very little, and every sensible person should own one. Buy yours now. Our reasonable prices ease the way.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY 160 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

BARGAINS IN USED CARS

50 splendid used cars—Buicks, Oldsmobiles, Naticks—\$250 to \$600. Guaranteed first class running condition—easy terms if wanted by right parties. Write for detailed list and description. Used Car Dept., Randall-Dodd Auto Co., Salt Lake City

SEND US YOUR FROZEN, LEAKY, DAMAGED RADIATORS

We pay transportation one way. Returned like new. ACETYLING WELDING in all its branches. We save you time and money.

H. & E. Radiator & Welding Co. 252 Edison Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

RODS GIVE NO PROTECTION

French Vine Growers Find They Derive No Benefit From Metal Rods They Erected.

The vine-growing region of the Glorionde, in France, has been quite extensively equipped in recent years with tall metal rods, similar to lightning rods, known as paragrilles or "electric Niagaras," and alleged to afford protection from hailstorms. A careful study of the functioning of these rods has recently been published by M. E. Courty of the University of Bordeaux. The statistics presented show that numerous hailstorms have occurred in the vicinity of nearly all the rods. Moreover, according to M. Courty, there has been no obvious change in the character of these storms since the erection of the rods. His article points out some of the principal reasons for the erroneous conclusions that others have drawn in favor of them; for example, the fact that, normally, only one thunderstorm in five is attended by hail; that the area over which hail falls is normally very small in comparison with that covered by the thunderstorm, and hail tends to occur in scattered patches or narrow bands; and, lastly, that a district in which hail has fallen for two or three years in succession often remains free from hail for years, regardless of the installation of hail-protecting devices.

MAKE USE OF WASTE HEAT

Councillors of Reykjavik, Iceland, Apply System That Reduces the Taxation of the Citizens.

The city council of Reykjavik, Iceland, has now begun the baking of bread in a special bakery in connection with the gas works, where modern machinery has been installed in a special building. The result was excellent, in that the waste heat from the gas works is being used in a practical and profitable manner, and in the course of a short time all the black bread which may be needed will be baked in the new bread factory.

The idea was that of a young student there, and it is considered one of the best means of saving coal, time and money. Three-pound loaves have been completely baked in three hours in considerable numbers.

Think of Yourself.

You cannot reach a high degree of success in anything without making enemies.

Perhaps your lack of success has been caused by this very feeling that you desire to make and retain your friends.

You might have improved your position many times, but you feared the ill feeling engendered in certain circles with your advancement.

There are times in the lives of all men when they must choose between what is for their own best interest and their friends, and this does not mean that it is a case of taking advantage of friends—merely displeasing them.

Perhaps it is a principle of business involved—perfectly honest and honorable, and to your financial credit—but what would your friends think if you took the decisive step?

Day of Quill Pen Gone.

Trite as true is it to say that times change and the manners with them. Although the habit of carrying the pen behind the ear has not altogether disappeared in this day of the fountain pen, typewriter machine and other similar devices, the quill pen, so far as the present generation goes, is now more of an adjunct of romance, stage settings and motion pictures. The fountain pen does not lend much artistic atmosphere to such as these.

Watch for Airquakes.

An English astronomer of prominence has advanced the theory that there are airquakes, entirely independent of earthquakes, that are caused by the explosion of meteors in the atmosphere.

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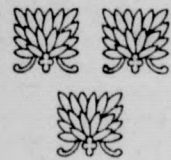
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SCHOOL NOTES

The school received a full day visit from the Assistant County Superintendent of Schools, Mr. A. C. Wheat, on March 20th. He commented on how nicely everything was running and how bright, happy and interested the pupils seemed.

Teacher—Were you sent in for misconduct?
Pupil—No, Miss Powell.

Garnette Marsh received an interesting letter from the School's French orphans. Pictures of Raymond and Germaine were enclosed and may be seen next week in the window of the News office.

Orchard Camp, white with snow, was the scene of a jolly picnic March 15th. Maxine Rodgers, Eleanor Merrick and Ruth Brooks chaperoned, Mary Jameson, Lois Brooks, Geneva Glenn, Florence Swisher, Viola Fennel, Joseph Brooks, Lester Fennel and Richard Lees. It was the first snow some of the party had seen so it was quite an experience. They spent the afternoon snowballing, coasting and enjoying many of the sports of our Eastern friends.

An enjoyable evening was spent by Lillian Hyatt, Louise Pearson, Bettye Shaw, Carmen Hibbs, Hilda Barrett, Paul Ladd, Arthur Johnson, Herbert Munson, Ivan Munson, Henri Withington and Edward Davis at the Munson home on East Grand View. Taffy was pulled and various games enjoyed. Refreshments were served at ten o'clock and shortly afterward the party broke up.

The Eighth grade is sorry to lose Lillian Hyatt from the class. She, her brother, Jean and their cousin Fred, left for Texas the first of the month. The school is now minus its star performers.

You Were Up Too Late
Teacher—What are you laughing at, Arthur?
Arthur—Look at Ed.
(Edgar was fast asleep.)
Teacher—Edgar, wake up.
No answer.
Teacher—Edgar, Edgar, please wake up.
Edgar—What cha want?
Teacher—Go wash your face.
Which he sheepishly did.

Esther Patten, who was a member of our school here last year, visited Linda Schwartz on the 16th. During the day she visited some of her old schoolmates and teachers.

The Junior Red Cross has been organized again under the direction of Mr. Walker and Miss Vaughan. The following officers were elected: President, Arthur Johnson; vice-president, Mary Jameson; secretary, Edward Davis; treasurer, Louise Pearson.

The Campfire Girls had another election of officers, at their meeting March 10th. Secretary, Viola Fennel; treasurer, Bettye Shaw; chairman of entertainment committee, Louise Pearson. Business was transacted, meeting days planned and a rough formula of work started.

A contest was held in connection with the Prohibition lecture Friday night. The room responsible for the most being present at the lecture was to receive a large 5x8 United States flag. The contest was won by the Eighth grade.

Folk dancing for the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades has been introduced into the school by Miss Vaughan, with the assistance of Miss Prikrly.

On Tuesday, March 17th the third grade had a spelling test of 100 words it averaging 94.16 per cent.

When school closed last June the enrollment was 169 pupils. This year there are 240 pupils enrolled which is an increase of 71 pupils.

Hilda Barrett was chosen editor of the weekly column of school notes, with Mary Jameson and Viola Fennel as assistant editors. We hope to have a better column now that a regular staff has been appointed.

An automobile race is being conducted in Miss Appleby's fourth grade arithmetic. The class is divided into three groups and the group that receives the highest mark for the day advances their car one foot. The race is once around the room. At present the Marmon is three feet ahead of the Hudson and the Haynes.

The girls of Miss Powell's room have been on their best behavior for a month. They won out over the boys in a contest as to which could pass the more quietly from room to room. Miss Powell is planning a surprise for the girls.

THE JOY RIDE TOMORROW

Automobiles Enough to Care For All Who Care To Go

Slight Change in Program as Advertised Last Week

A slight change has been made in the program for the friendly automobile ride tomorrow afternoon. Instead of starting from the Sierra Madre garage in a bunch as planned, each machine will drive to the homes of its guests, people who don't have the pleasure of riding and seeing the adjacent country, and when each machine has collected its quota, the guests themselves will decide the route they wish to take.

While the owners of machines have responded in fine shap, we still want a couple more volunteers to care for late requests for the ride which may come in from persons in ill health.

Please phone the News office that your car is available for Saturday afternoon and if it is not needed you will be notified.

VICTORY LOAN TRAIN

The Victory Liberty Loan Trophy train will leave San Francisco April 12, for a tour of California, Arizona and Nevada.

The train will carry a whippet tank which will be driven down from the train platform to give an exhibition at each stop. Two veterans of tank service on the western front will operate the tank.

Among the trophies of the great war that will be carried on the train are: compressed air bomb throwers; german minewerfers; French, german and American machine guns; "flying pigs"; german Zeppelin motor; sniper shields; flams throwers, periscopes; depth bombs; observation tower; high explosive shells; german coats; engineer's pontoon boat and hundreds of other relics.

Think of the sacrifices the people overseas have made, and the punishment they have suffered. The footprints of the german beast did not touch America. Are you grateful? Will you make another slight sacrifice to prove it. Perhaps you have already given all of the useless garments you possess—that's no sacrifice. That's an accommodation to you—getting rid of them. Now give something to the Red Cross that is not useless to you and that will be a real sacrifice.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE SHERIFF'S SALE No. B68881

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale

H. D. West, Plaintiff.

vs.
Emma P. Love, J. Mack Love, trustee, George W. Bishop, Nora S. Coulston and J. B. Coulston, her husband, John Doe and Jane Doe, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 27th day of February, A. D. 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein H. D. West, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against Emma P. Love, J. Mack Love, et al., defendants, on the 14th day of February A. D. 1919, for the sum of Thirteen thousand, one hundred ninety-seven and 05/100 (\$13,197.05) dollars gold coin of the United States which said decree was, on the 25th day of February A. D. 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 470 of said Court, at page 25, I am commanded to sell those certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Lots five (5), six (6) and seven (7) and the north twenty-two (22) feet of lots eight (8), nine (9) and ten (10) in block two (2) of the Pasadena Highland Tract, in the Rancho San Pasqual, in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, as per may recorded in book 24, page 99, miscellaneous records of said county. Except the north five (5) feet of lots five (5), six (6) and seven (7) conveyed to the County of Los Angeles for road purposes. Together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Public notice is hereby given, That on Wednesday the 2nd day of April, A. D. 1919, at 12 o'clock M. of that day in from of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 7th day of March 1919.
JNO. C. CLINE,
Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
F. G. Cruickshank, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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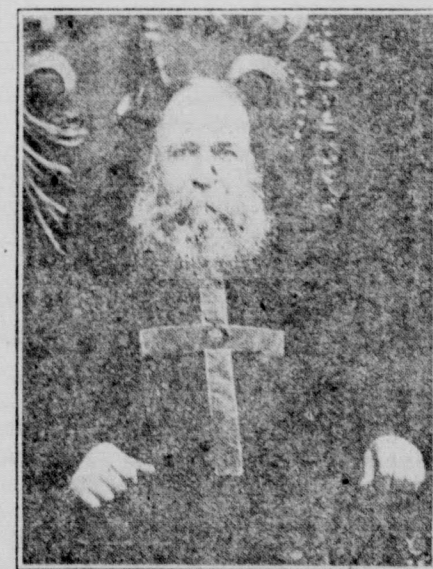
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